

The KILROY'S

Ind.



America's Funniest Family!

**KILROY
WAS
HERE!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded

if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 143, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars, plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



The KILROYs

**TOP LAUGHS
IN THIS ISSUE**

IS DAD MAD?

STEP RIGHT UP AND MEET AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY, FOLKS! SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN POP MAKES A SPEECH ... AND OPEN THE DOOR, RICHARD!



"NATCH" in "COPS AND PAPAS"

HE'S ALL YOURS... "NATCH"... MR. TEEN-AGE HIMSELF! MIX ONE HYPED-UP JALOPY WITH AN ANGRY MOTORCYCLE COP, ADD THE SWEETEST GIRL IN THE WORLD... AND STAND BY FOR GIGGLES!

JIVE TAKES A HOLIDAY

THEY DIDN'T HAVE JITTERBUG MUSIC IN FATHER'S DAY... NO SIRREE! A GROOVEY GANG GOES CLASSICAL HERE AS THE KILROYS GIVE OUT WITH FUN... EIGHT TO THE BAR!



TRUE LOVE RUNS ROUGH

FOR NATCH... BUT YOU'LL LOVE IT! YES, HE LOSES HIS LITTLE CUDDLE-BUNNY, BUT... WELL, YOU CAN READ, CAN'T YOU?

OH, SWING... WHERE IS THY STING?

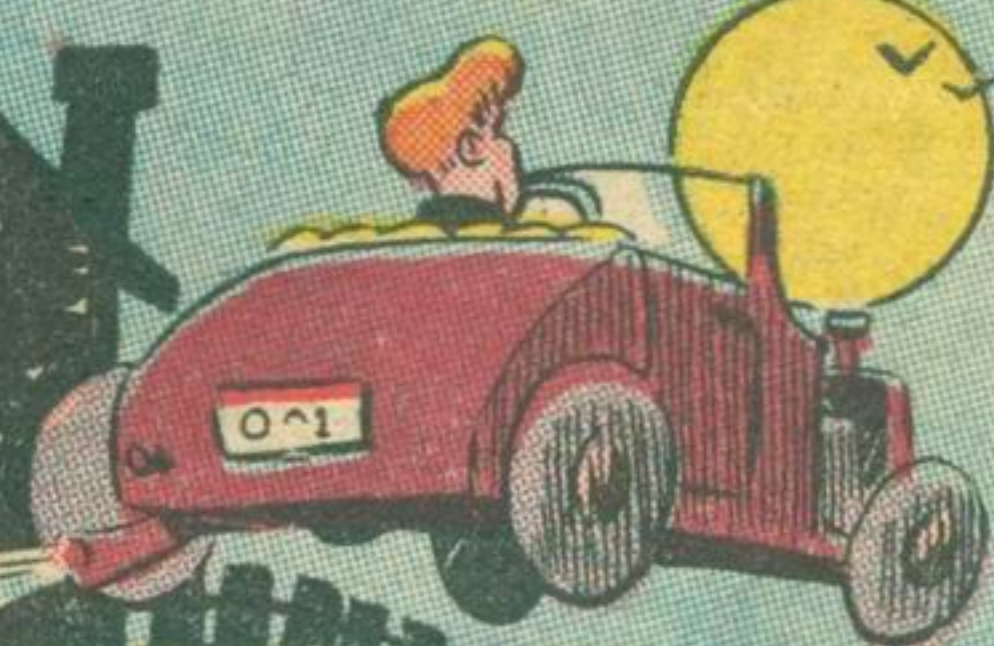
THE KILROYS FIND OUT... THE HARD WAY! YOU'LL ROAR AS A BIG NAME BAND DEALS 'EM HOT LICKS... AND GETS BACK A SIZZLING SURPRISE!

FATAL FOOTPRINTS

"NATCH" HAD A SWELL PLAN FOR PUTTING A RIVAL IN HIS PLACE... BUT OH, WATCH THAT BACKFIRE!



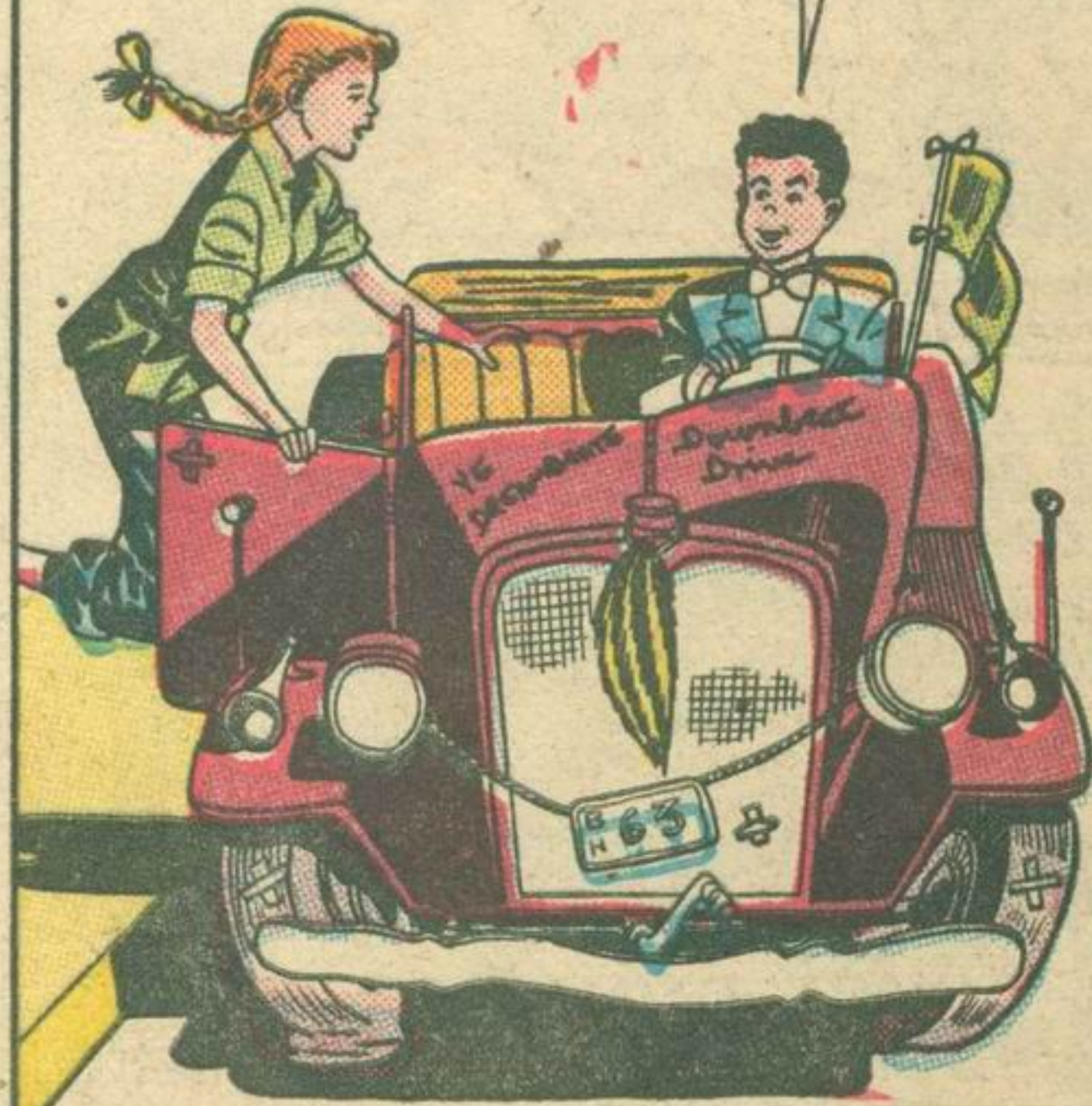
BLAM!



KOLLEGE KAPERS

by
AL HARTLEY.

IN THIS CAR,
YOU PRAY AS
YOU ENTER!



DO YOU THINK
YOU COULD LEARN
TO LIKE A FELLOW
LIKE ME?

IF HE WASN'T
TOO MUCH
LIKE YOU!



HOW DO YOU
LIKE THE DATE
I DUG UP FOR
YOU?

THROW HER
BACK AN' START
DIGGIN' SOME-
PLACE ELSE!



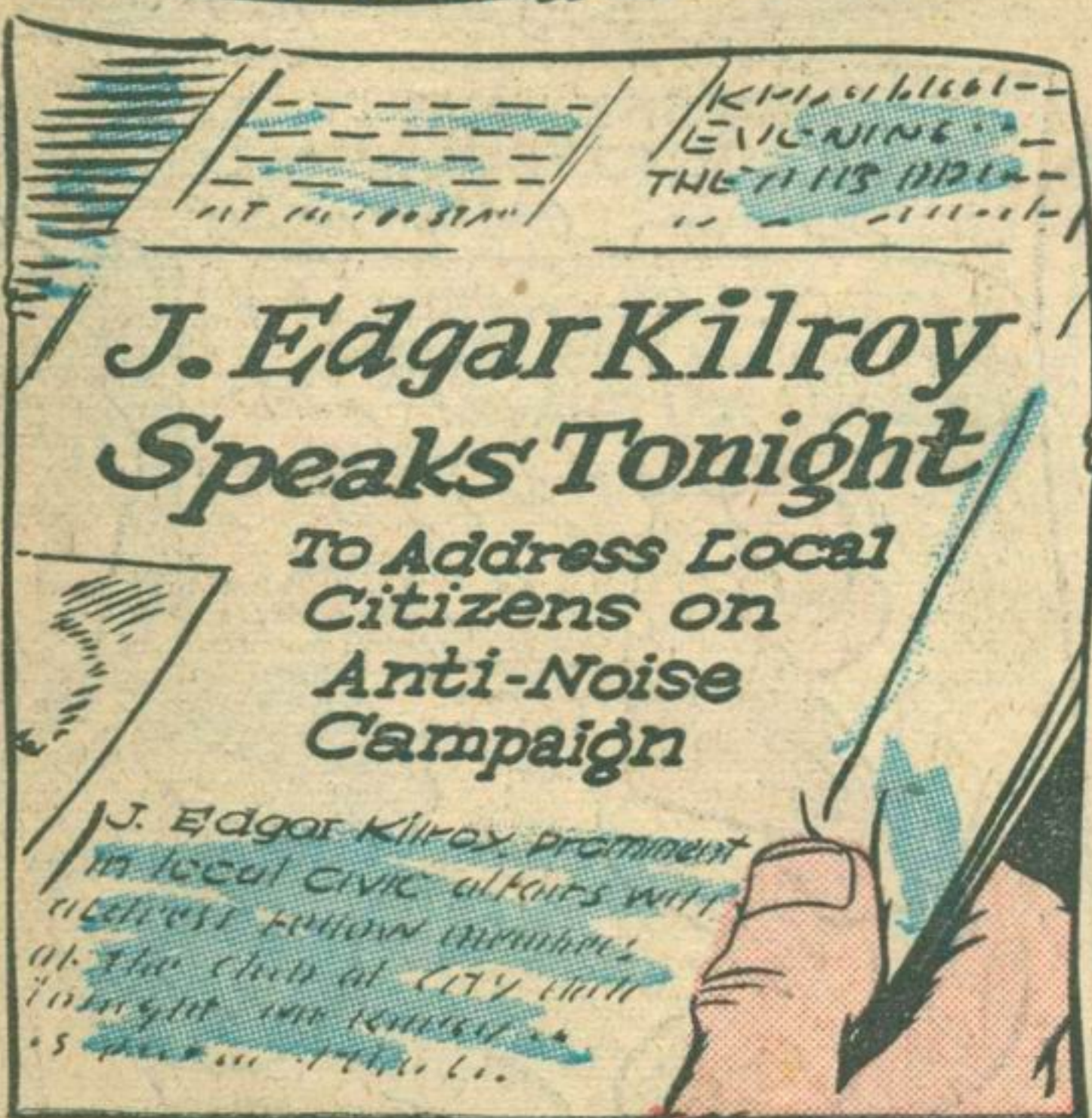
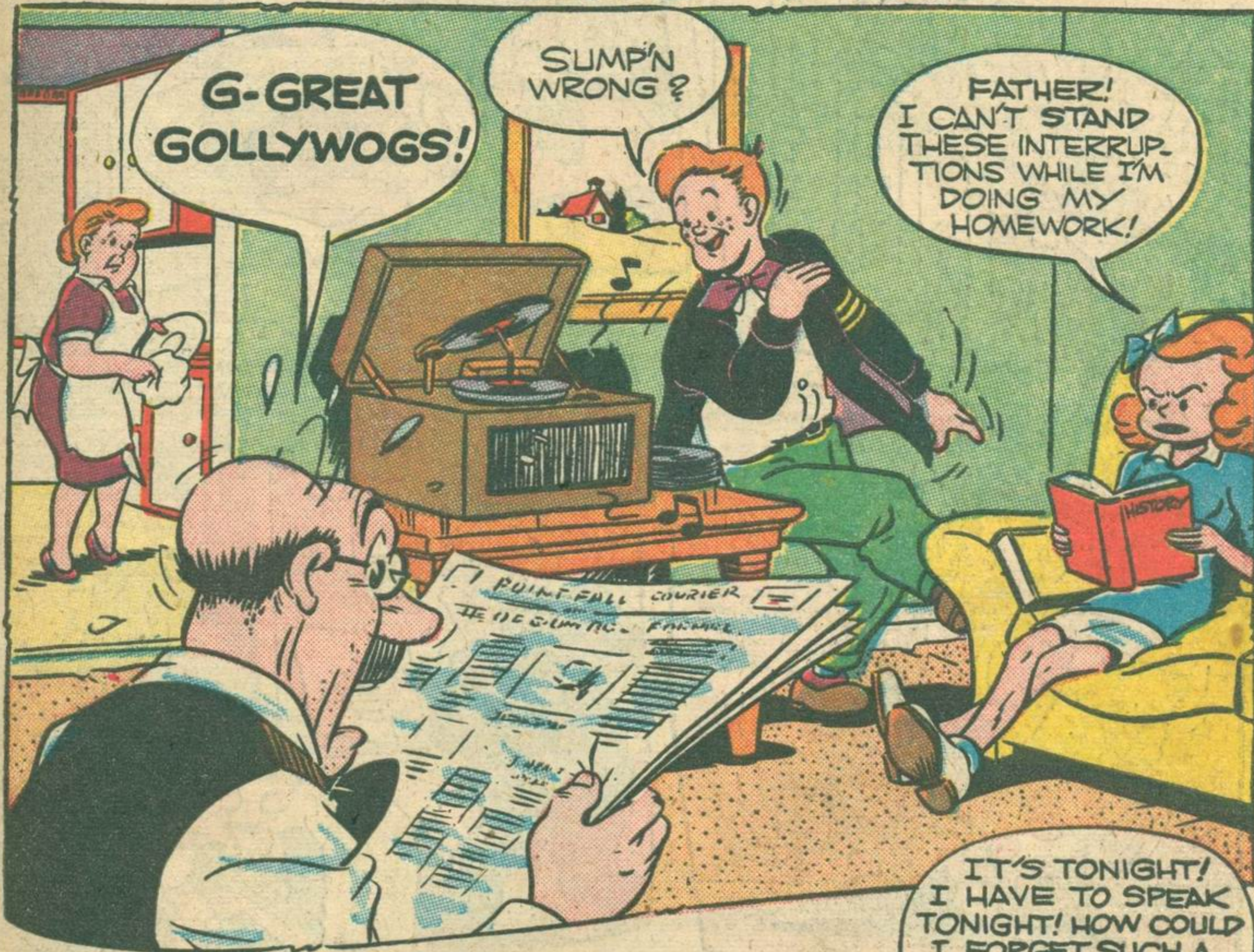
I JUST SAW DOT
WALKING DOWN THE
STREET WITH HER
NEW EVENING GOWN
UNDER HER
ARM!

DON'T TELL
ME THE STYLES
HAVE COME
TO THAT!



The KILROYS

in "IS DAD MAD?"



LAY OUT MY TLUX, MOM
---QUICK! NATCH!-- FIND
ME A WHITE SHIRT! LOOK
FOR MY STUFS, KATIE! OH,
G-GOSH--TO FORGET AN
OCCASION LIKE THIS--!



OKAY, POP..AN' HERES
THE SPEECH YA
PREPARED!

OHH-H!
I'M GONNA
BE
LATE!



"MISTER CHAIRMAN AND OTHER
SQUARES OF THE ROUND TABLE!
IN OPENING MY
SPEECH TONIGHT--"



-- AND I FURTHER
PROPOSE, GENTLEMEN,
THAT WE INSTALL RUBBER
MANHOLE COVERS TO
SUBDUE THE NOISES--"

HE'S AT IT
AGAIN, NATCH!
HOW'M I GONNA
DO MY HOME-
WORK?

FORGET IT,
KATIE! I GOT
BUSINESS WITH
BUMPY, HERE!



'NIGHT, MOM! 'BYE,
NATCH AN' KATIE!
GOTTA RUSH- SEE
YA LATER!

J. EDGAR KILROY--
COME BACK HERE!
YOU DIDN'T SHAVE!



B-BUT I HAVEN'T GOT
TIME TO SHAVE! I'M LATE
ALREADY!

LATE OR NOT--YOU'RE
NOT LEAVING THIS HOUSE
UNTIL YOU SHAVE!



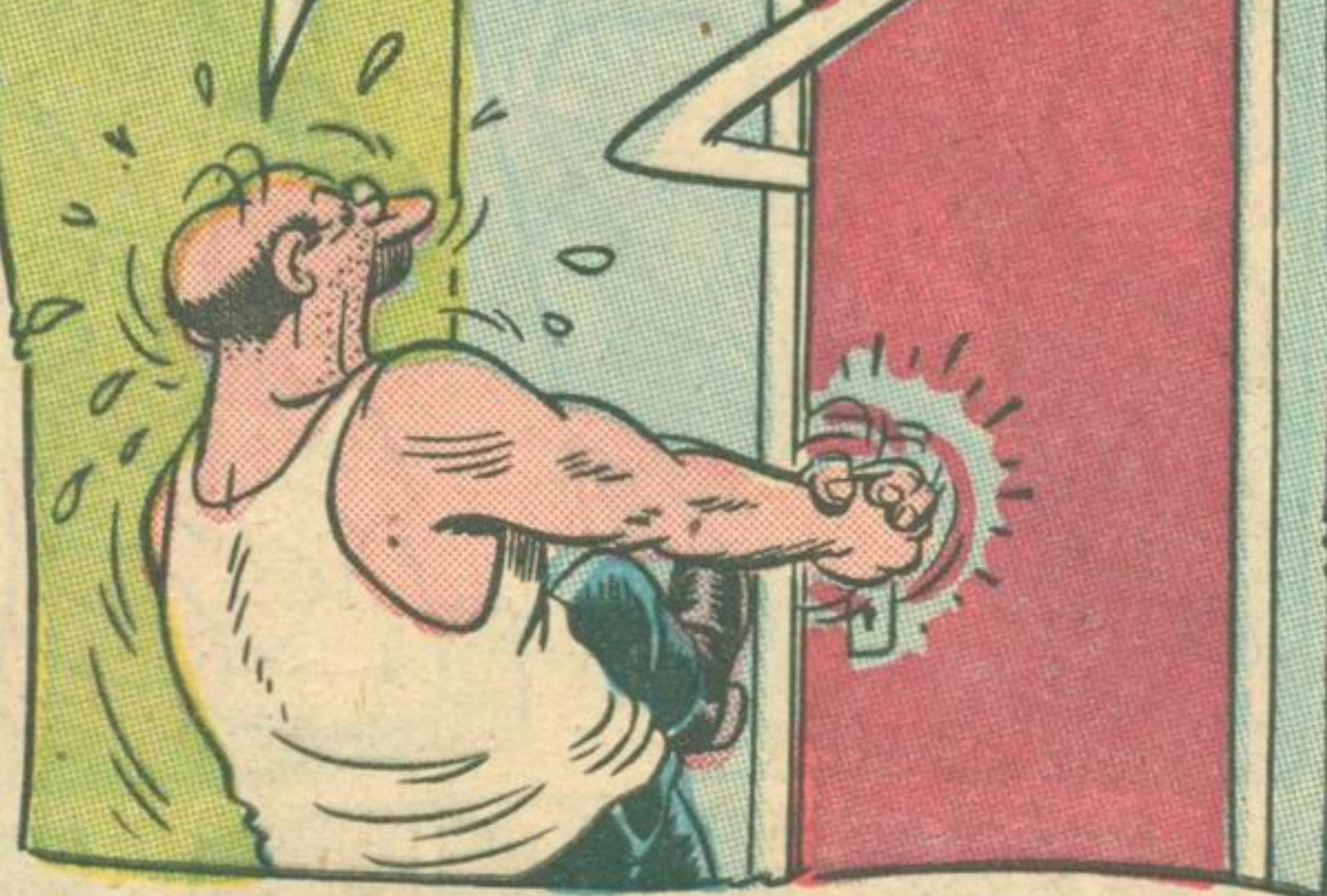
MARCH!

B-BUT I HAVEN'T GOT TIME! LINCOLN DIDN'T SHAVE WHEN HE DELIVERED THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS!



WOT THE -- HEY! WHO'S IN THERE?

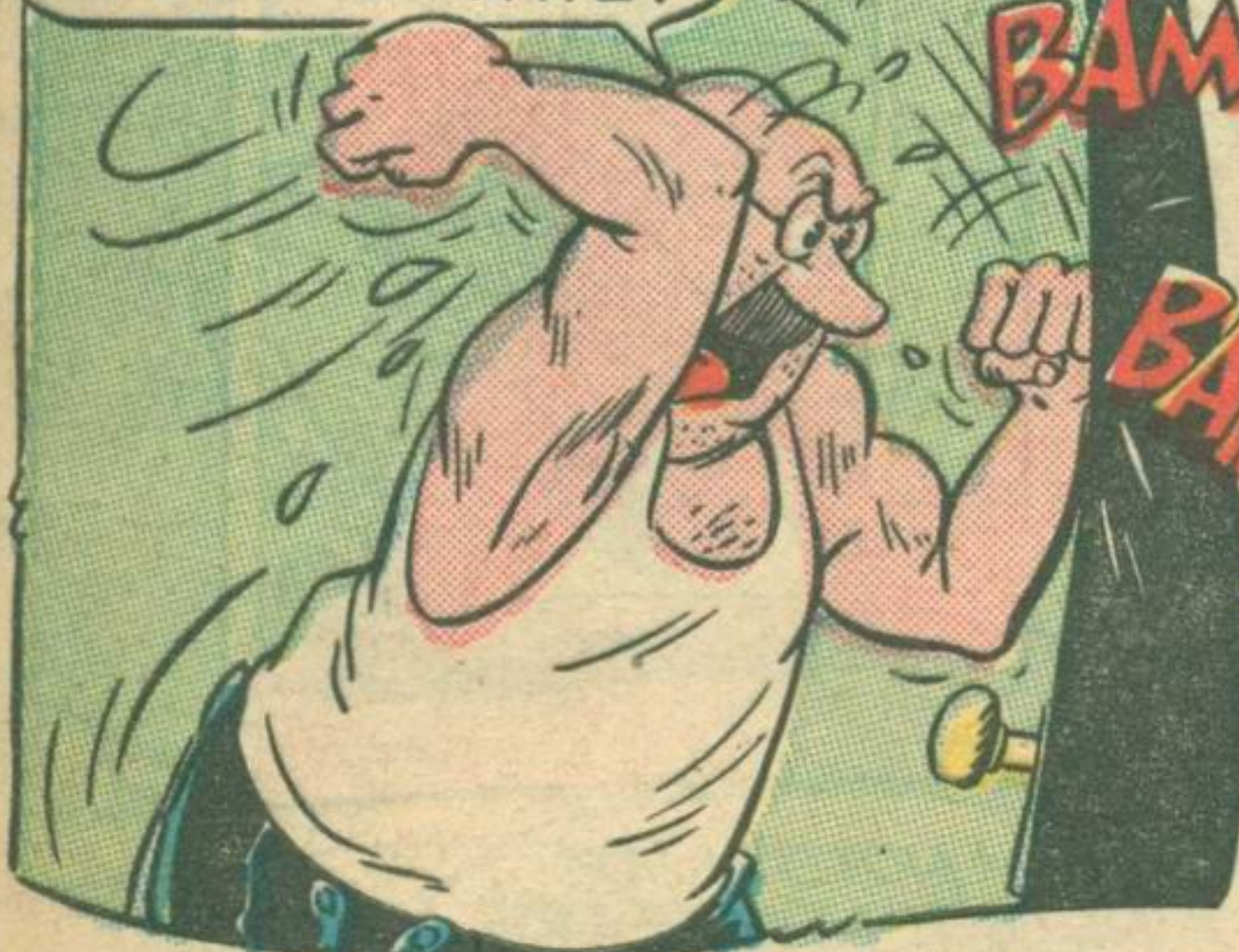
ME--NATCH! I'M GIVIN' THE DOG A BATH!



WELL, GET THAT MUTT OUTA THERE RIGHT NOW! I GOTTA SHAVE! I'M LATE ALREADY, I TELL YOU-- LATE!

BAM!

BAM!



WHY DID YOU HAVE TO PICK TONIGHT TO GIVE THAT MUTT BUMPY A BATH?

AND WHY NOT? DOES HE KNOW IT ISN'T SATURDAY?



THERE! I HOPE THAT'LL SATISFY HER!

...SCRAPE, SCRAPE ---"AND OUR ANTI-NOISE CAMPAIGN WILL START OFFICIALLY NEXT SUNDAY MORNING WITH A 21-GUN SALUTE, FIRED FROM THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL!"



SNIFF, SNIFF!
--WHAT KIND
OF SHAVING LO-
TION DID YOU
USE? IT SMELLS
AWFUL!

WHY, I ONLY USED
THAT NEW SOAP
AND POWDER
THAT WAS IN THE
BATHROOM! MUST
BE THOSE!

ZOWIE!
THAT WAS
THE DOG'S
SOAP, POP-
-AND HIS
FLEA POWDER!

DOG SOAP!
FLEA POWDER!
WHY DOES
EVERYTHING
HAPPEN TO ME
WHEN I'M IN
A HURRY?

POOR
FATHER!
HE'S SO
UPSET!

DOG
SOAP!
HAW!
HAW!

MAYBE
HE'S GOT
FLEAS,
NATCH!



I--I'M AN HOUR
LATE ALREADY! THEY'LL
NEVER ASK ME TO MAKE
ANOTHER SPEECH AS
LONG AS I LIVE!



GOOD NIGHT!
DON'T WAIT UP
FOR ME!



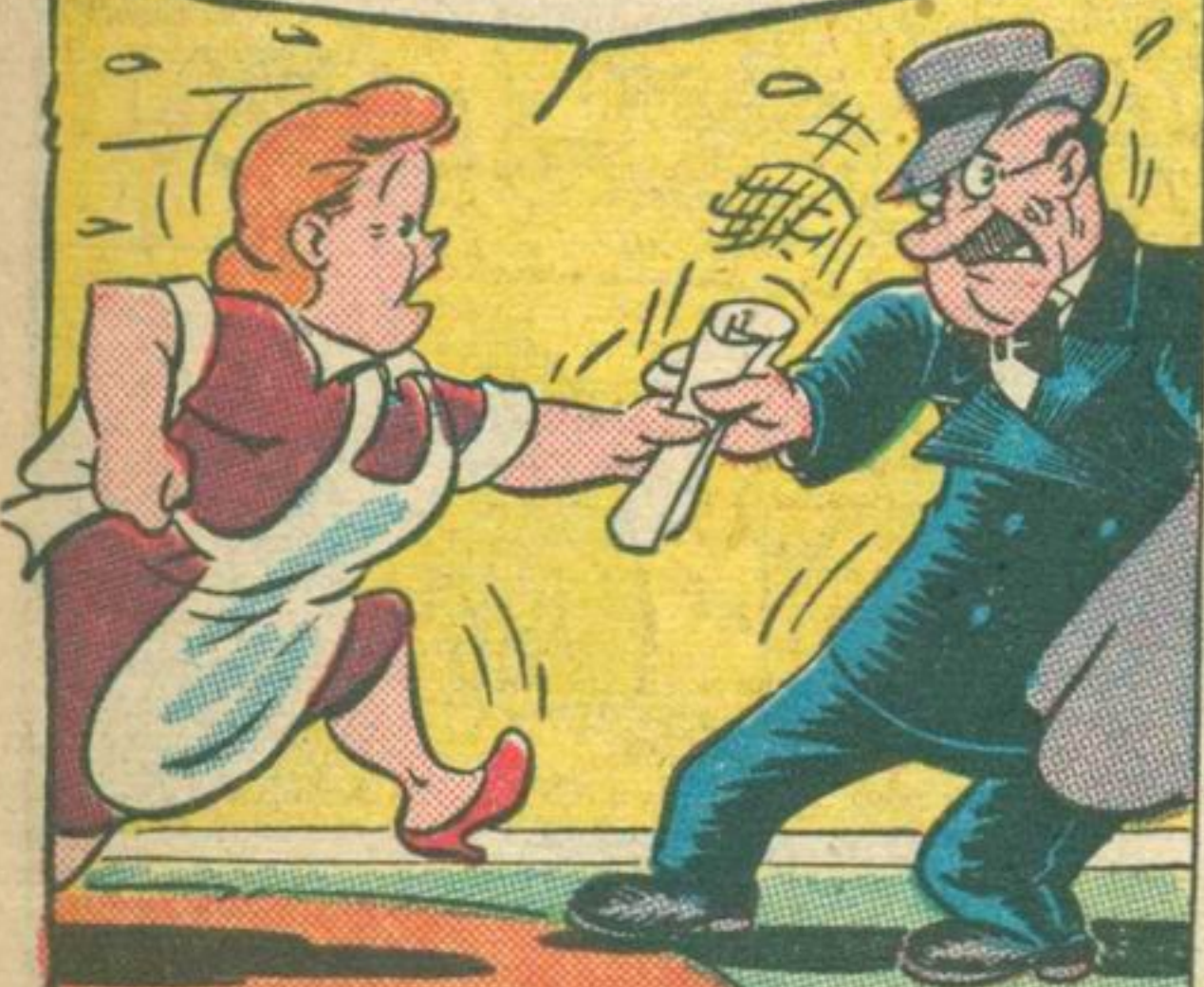
MY NOTES! MY
NOTES! WHERE ARE
THE NOTES FOR MY
SPEECH? I'LL NEVER
GET THERE!



THERE'S
A BOOGIE BEAT
THAT'S HOT
AND
REET!



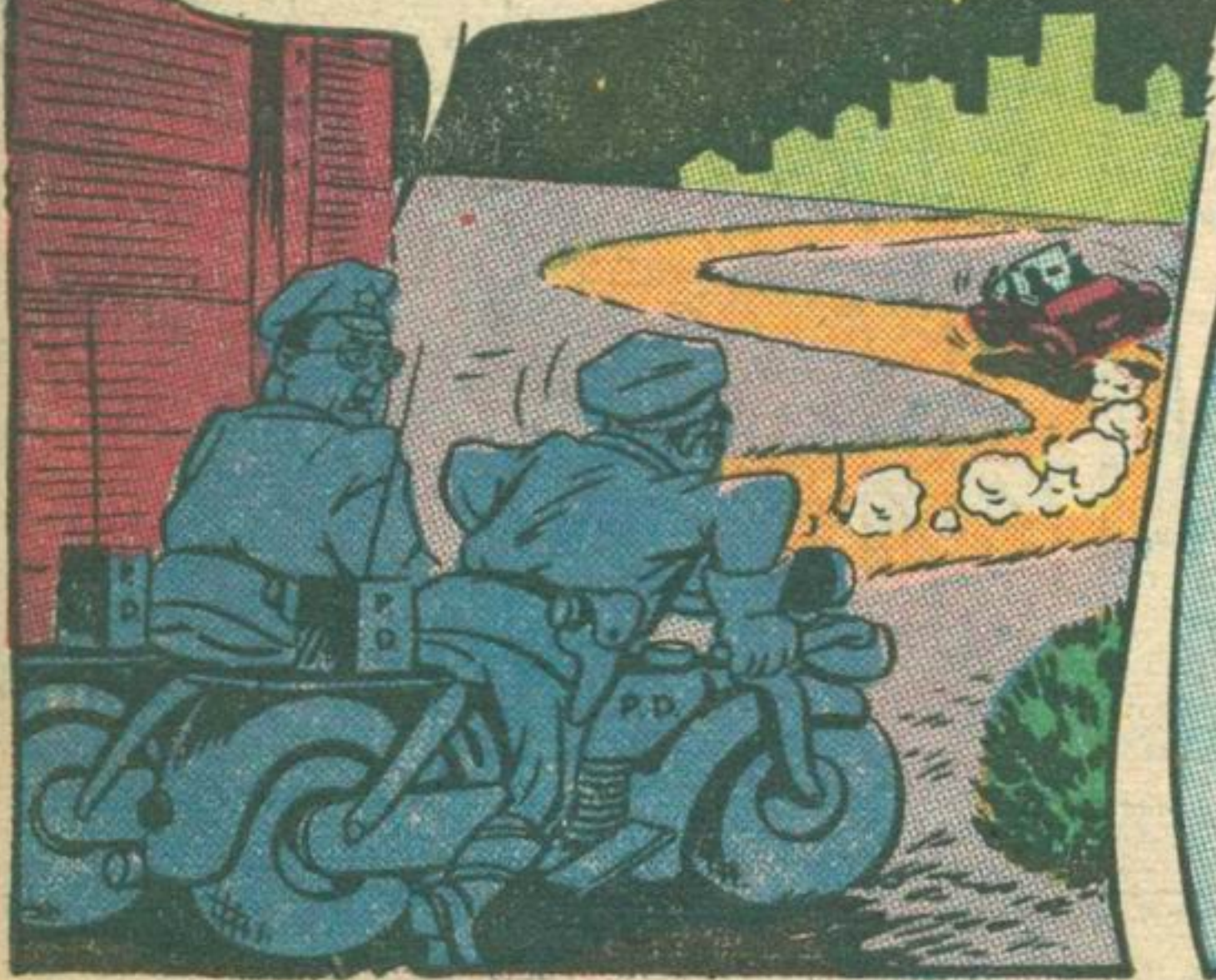
ALL RIGHT, DEAR
-- DON'T GET SO EXCITED!
HERE THEY ARE! MY
GOODNESS, RELAX! YOU'LL
HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!



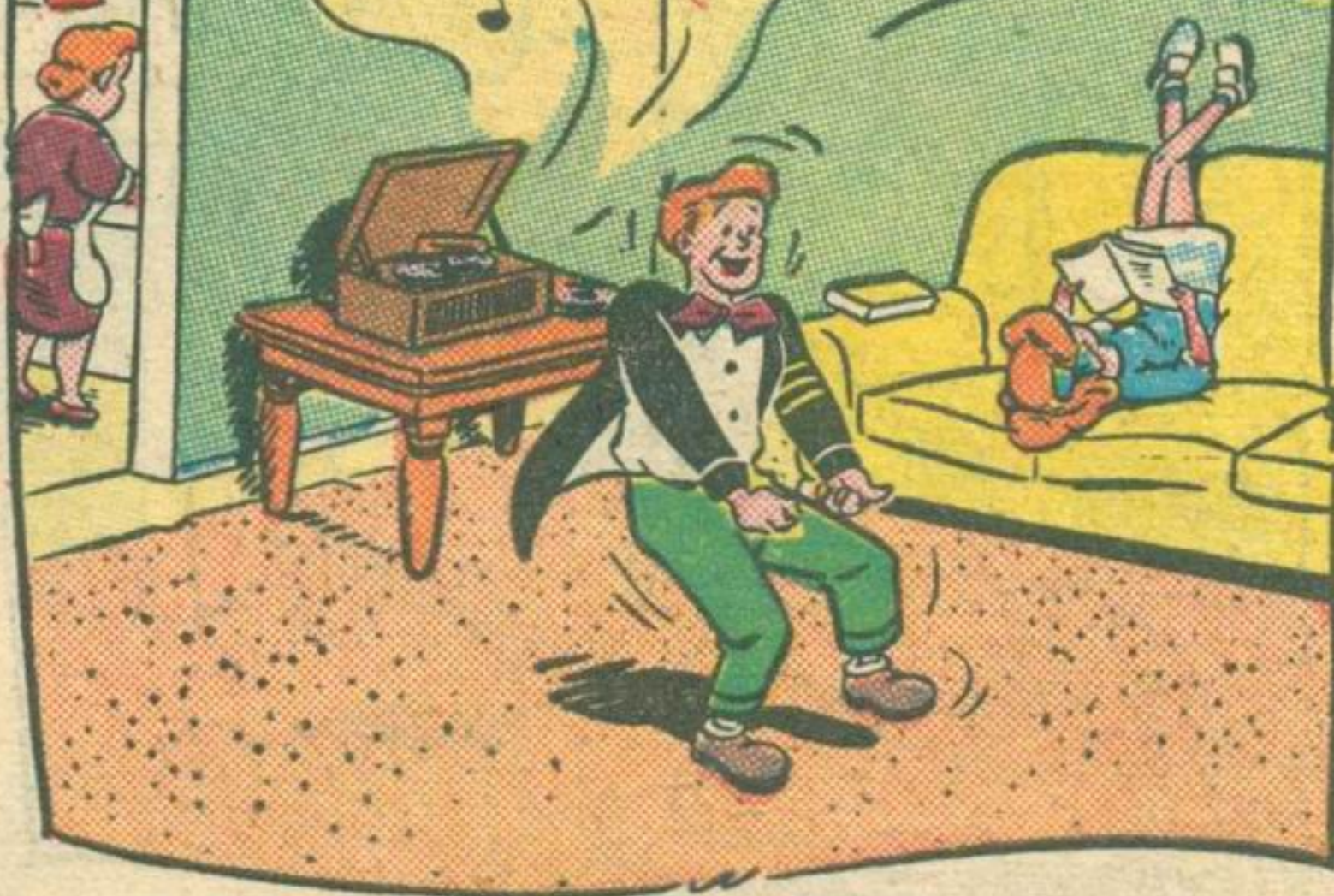
MY CAR WON'T START!
SOMEBODY LEFT THE RADIO ON
AND THE BATTERY'S RUN DOWN!
C'MON, NATCH--YOU'LL HAFTA TAKE
ME IN YOUR JALOPY! I GOTTA
WEAK CELL!



OH-OH! AFTER
'IM, CHARLIE!



SO YA GOTTA
MOVE --
GET IN
THE GROOVE



ALL RIGHT, NATCH
---THERE IT IS AT
THE NEXT CORNER!
PULL UP RIGHT IN
FRONT OF THE TOWN
HALL! OH, BUT AM
I EVER LATE!





I'LL WAIT FOR
YA, POP! I'M GOIN'
NEXT DOOR AN' GET
A DOUBLE-THICK
ATOMIC MALT!

TO
HA



WELL, BROTHER
KILROY--WE'D ABOUT
GIVEN UP HOPE! BEFORE
WE ADJOURN--WILL YOU
PLEASE GET ALONG WITH
YOUR SPEECH?

PUFF-PANT--
YESSIR!

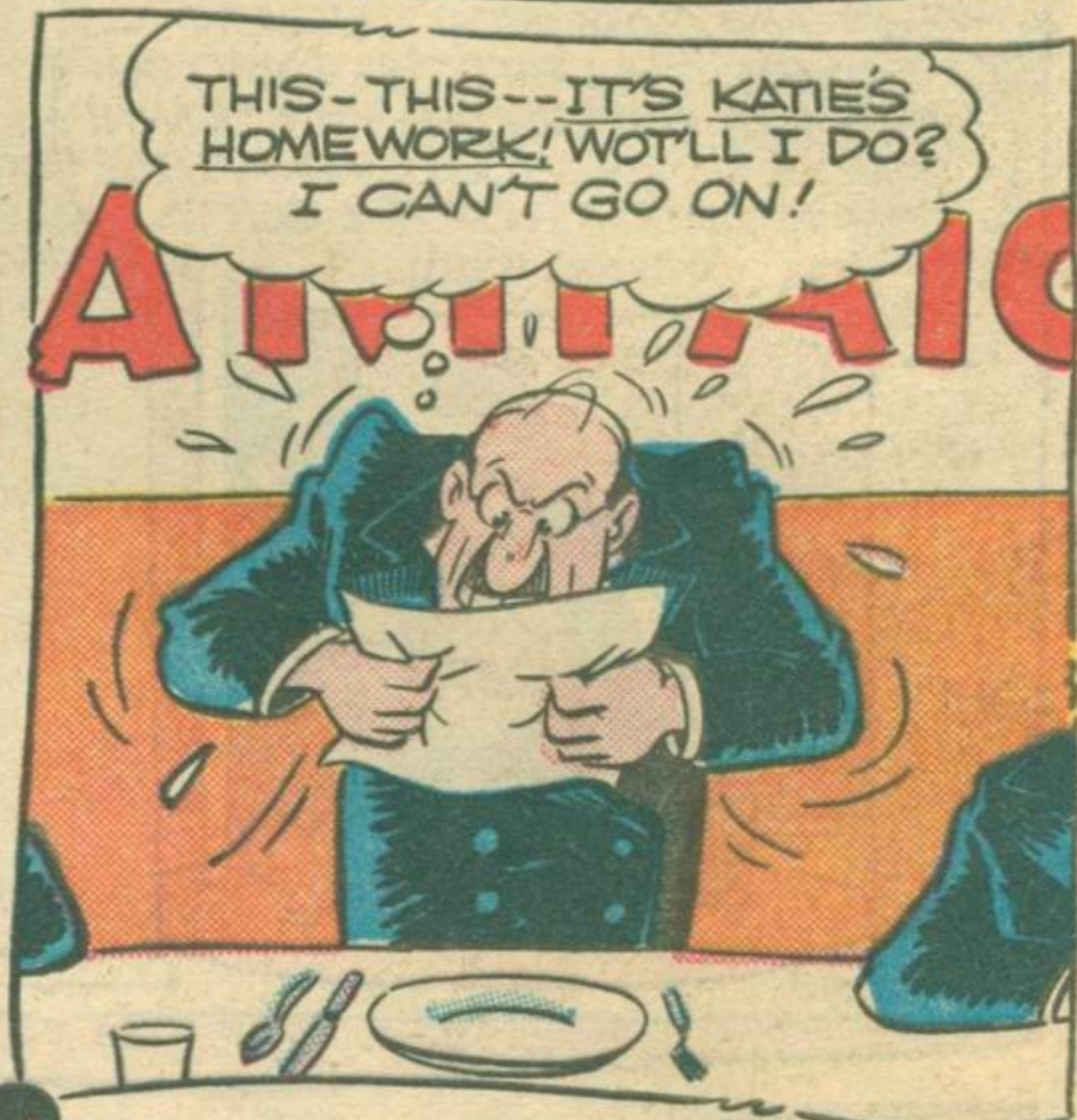
NO!

AMPAIC



MISTER CHAIRMAN! BROTHER SQUARES
OF THE ROUND TABLE! MY SUBJECT
THIS EVENING WILL BE "TEN EASY WAYS
TO PICK FEATHERS OFF A STEWING HEN!"
ER--T-TEN EASY WAYS TO---? THIS
--NO!-- NO!!!

CAMPAIGN



THIS--THIS--IT'S KATIE'S
HOMEWORK! WO'LL I DO?
I CAN'T GO ON!

AMPAIC



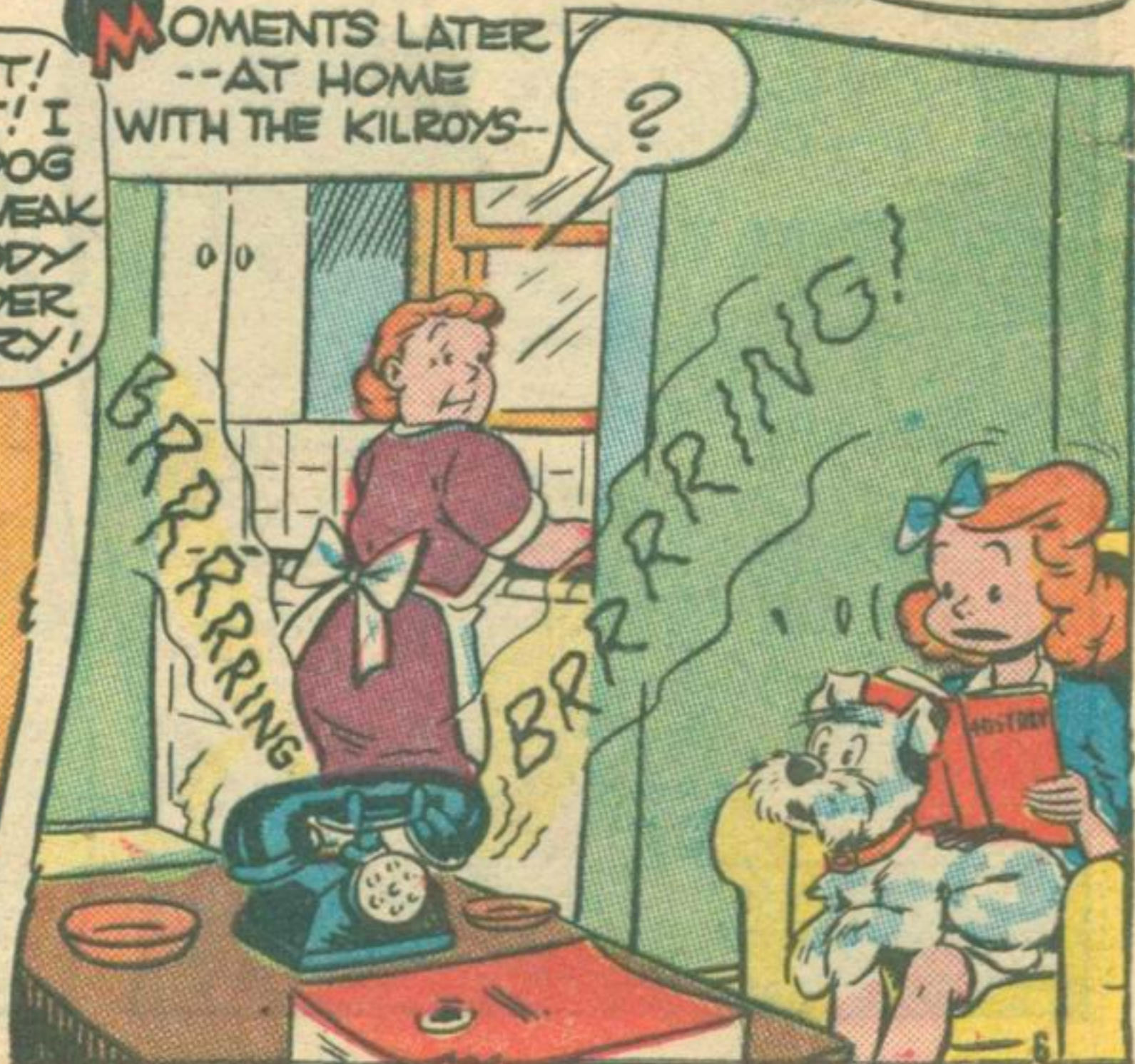
THAT'S
HIM!

HE'S THE
ONE, ALL RIGHT!

I DIDN'T DO IT!
I DIDN'T DO IT! I
SHAVED WITH DOG
SOAP--I GOTTA WEAK
CELL--SOMEBODY
PUT FLEA POWDER
IN MY BATTERY!

MOMENTS LATER
--AT HOME
WITH THE KILROYS--

?



BRRRING

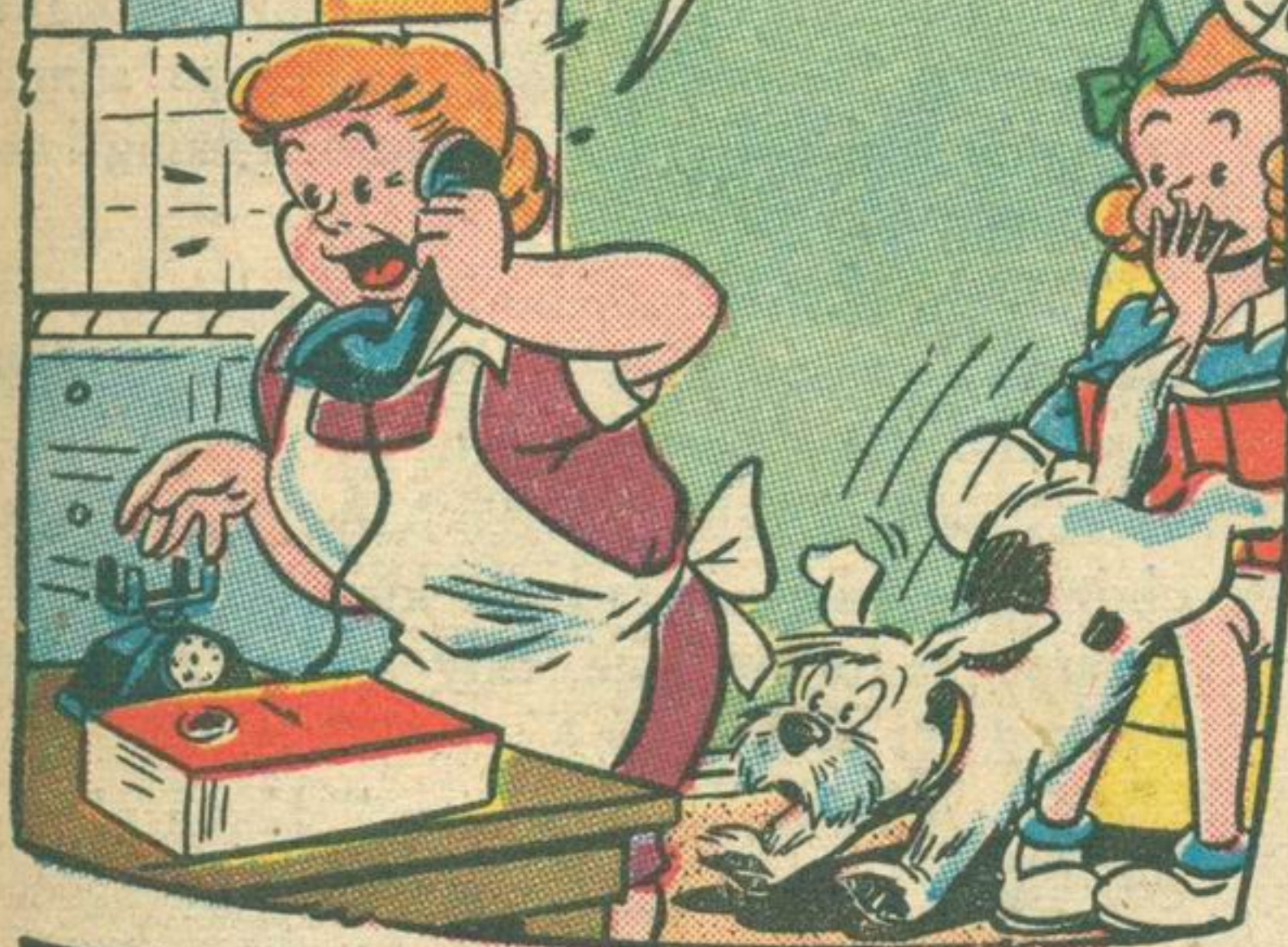
BRRRING

POP! WHERE ARE YOU?--IN JAIL! IN THE PSYCHOPATHIC WARD!

OKAY, NAPOLEON--LET ME HAVE THAT PHONE! I'LL TALK TO YOUR WIFE!

YEAH, THEY THINK I'M NUTS! THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME!

PSYCHOPATHIC WARD



LOOK, LADY, IT'S LIKE THIS! FIRST WE FOLLOWED YOUR HUSBAND FOR SPEEDING -- AND FOUND HIM IN THE TOWN HALL MAKING A SPEECH ON "TEN EASY WAYS TO PICK THE FEATHERS OFF A STEWING HEN"! THEN HE TELLS US THAT HE WASHES HIS FACE WITH DOG SOAP AND PUTS FLEA POWDER ON AFTER HE SHAVES--AN'T A PLEASE PUT HIM IN A WEAK CELL! I ASK YOU, LADY -- DOES ANY OF THAT MAKE SENSE TO YOU?



HUH?

ARF! ARF!
YIPE!
ARF! ARF!



OKAY, EDDIE --- LOCK HIM UP! HIS WIFE JUST BARKED AT ME!



The END

MOTHER'S LOVIN' OVEN

MRS. KILROY drew the last batch of hot, fragrant cookies from the oven and looked furtively around. "Glad I finished before the children got home," she sighed, putting the cookies on a window sill to cool. "Now all I have to do is find a good place to *hide them*! If Katie and Natch see them, there won't be a *crumb* left for my garden club!"

By the time the cookies had cooled, Mrs. Kilroy had found the ideal hiding place. "Natch and Katie won't find them in a million years!" she smiled. "I'll just put them away and say nothing."

Ten minutes later, the back door burst open and a twin whirlwind burst into the kitchen. "Hey, mother! Mom! We're home!" Katie and Natch shouted, tossing their schoolbooks on the kitchen table.

"Pour yourselves some milk," Mrs. Kilroy called. "I think there are some doughnuts in the pantry!"

"Doughnuts!" sniffed Katie scornfully. "Say, Natch, does *your* nose tell you what *mine* tells me? *Mother's been baking!*"

"*That* I know, *that* I know!" Natch agreed. "With a little effort, we oughta be able ta find the hidden treasure!"

Silently, efficiently, Natch and Katie rifled

the kitchen, leaving no drawer or cupboard unopened. "Wonder why mom's so *stingy* with her old cake!" Katie said, poking into the broom closet.

"Yeah, gosh! Somebody'd think we were *cannibals* or somethin'!" Natch agreed, digging into the shoe-shine kit.

"Goodness, children!" Mrs. Kilroy exclaimed as she entered the kitchen. "What's happening to my nice, tidy room? Are you *looking* for something?"

"Oh, mother, stop teasing," Katie pleaded. "We *know* you've been baking!"

"Well, I can't deny *that*," Mrs. Kilroy smiled.

"Then give out!" Natch said. "You know we'd rather have *your* delicious cookies than any old store doughnuts!"

"Flattery will get you nowhere, my boy," Mrs. Kilroy said. "Those cookies are not for you! They're for my garden club meeting this afternoon, so you may as well give up and . . . *mercy!* It's almost time for the meeting! I'd better start the coffee and get those cookies down!"

Mrs. Kilroy dashed upstairs to the special hiding-place. "Now I'll just . . . *Edgar!* I didn't know you were home, dear!"

"Got out of the office a bit early today, Emma," Mr. Kilroy mumbled, "so I thought I'd come home and . . . *say!* Those cookies were *good*, dear!"

"*What* cookies?" Mrs. Kilroy demanded, afraid of the answer.

"Why, the ones I found in my clothes closet, Emma! Here, try one. Didn't leave many, I guess!"

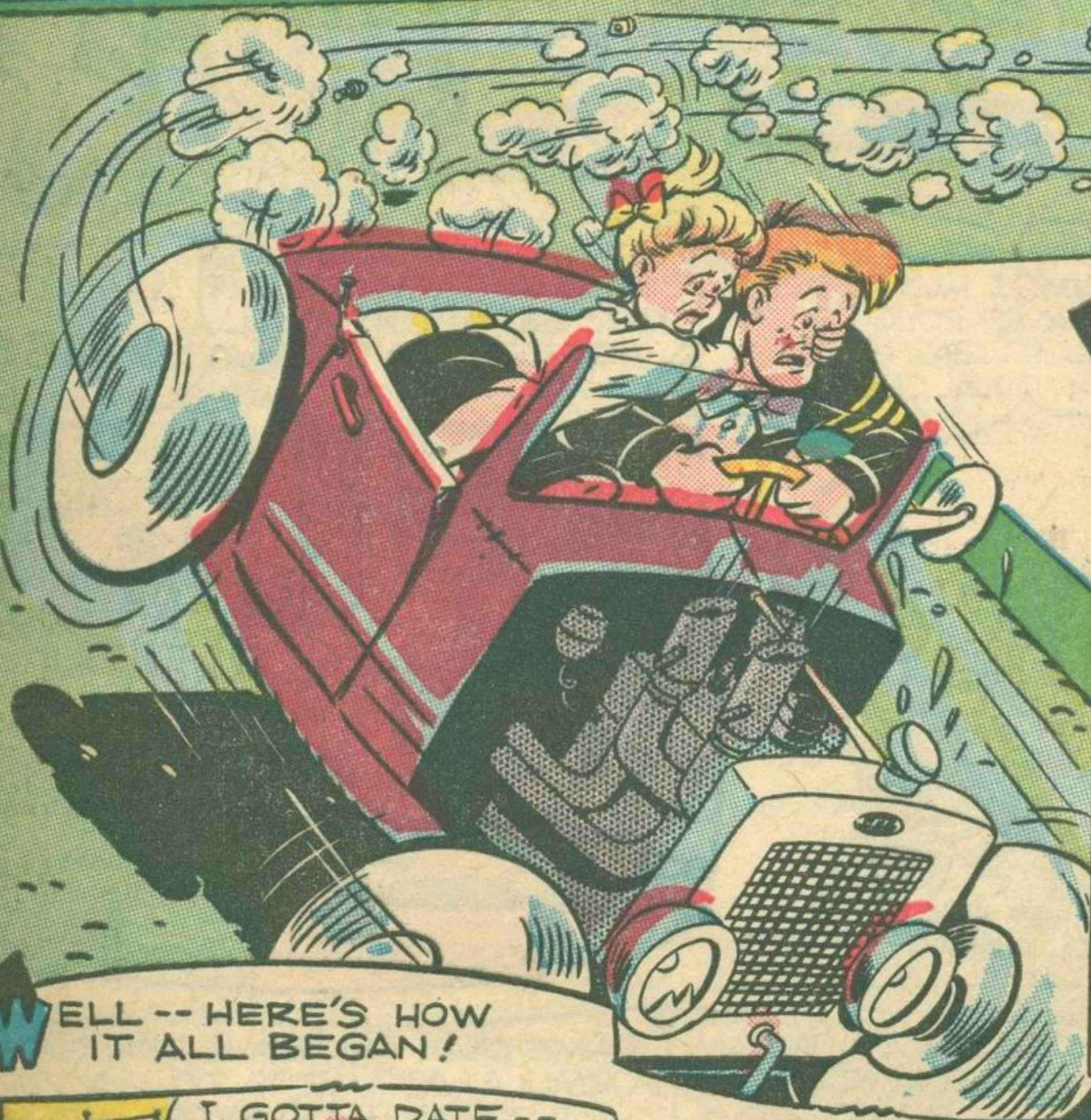
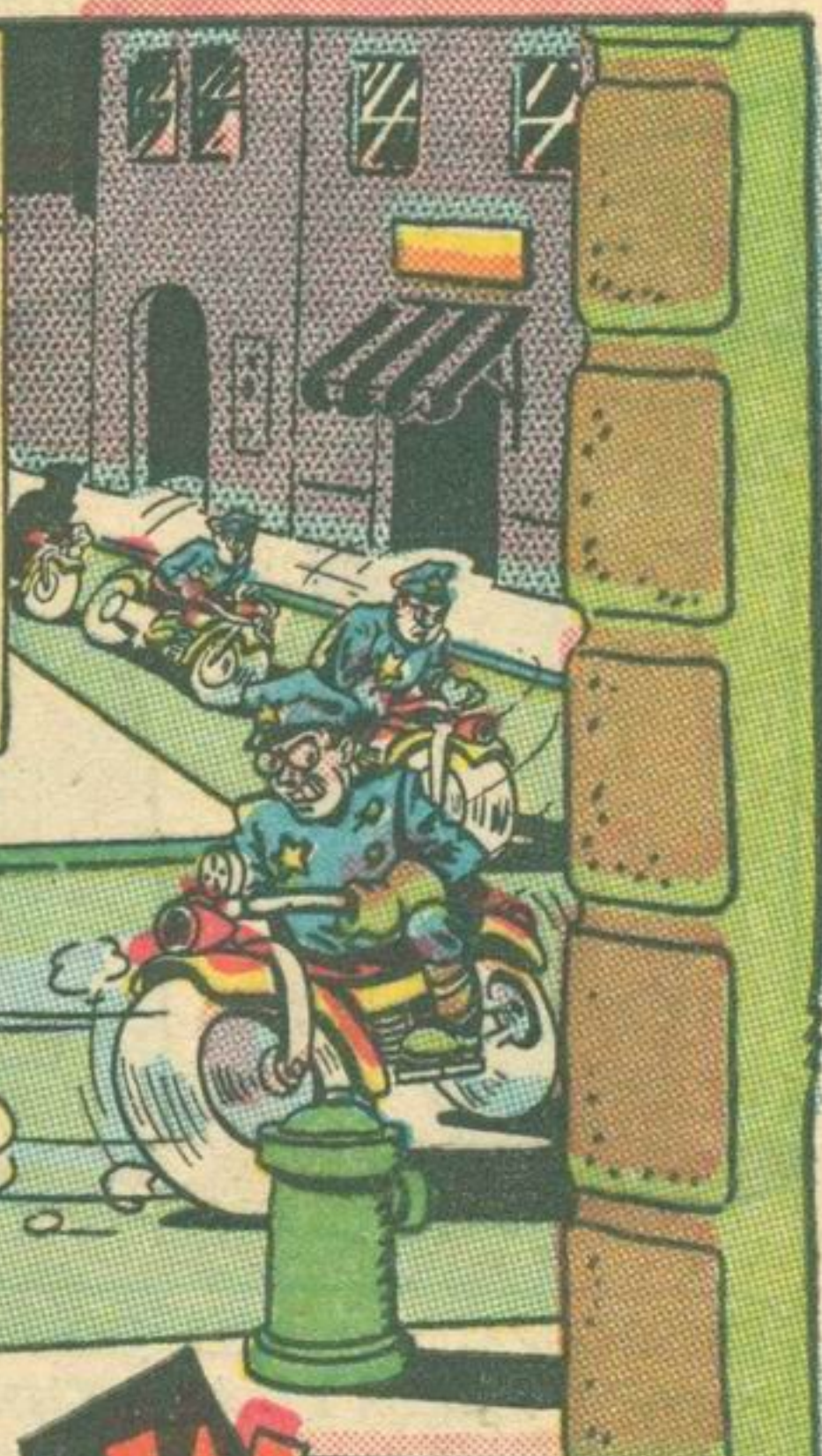
"Edgar, there were *three dozen* cookies in that jar! How *could* you . . . and Natch . . . and Katie . . . and the hiding-place . . . the garden club . . . oh, dear, there's the doorbell now!" Poor Mrs. Kilroy could scarcely speak as she started down the steps.

"Wonder what ails the woman?" Mr. Kilroy mumbled, as he reached for the last cookie in the jar!



Natch

featured in
"COPS AND PAPAS"



WHEN IT COMES TO LAUGHS, THRILLS, GIGGLE-PACKED TROUBLES... WHY, NATCH, IT'S THE TEEN-AGERS EVERY TIME! NOW MAKE WAY FOR SOMETHING NEW! SOMETHING DIFFERENT! INTRODUCING-- "*Natch*," THE TEEN-AGE TERROR... THE GROOVIEST, SOLIDEST JACKSON WHO EVER CUT A RUG!

WELL -- HERE'S HOW IT ALL BEGAN!



WELL--ER--I SPENT
IT LAST WEEK!

THEN I'LL NOT GIVE
YOU ANOTHER CENT!
WHY, WHEN I WAS
A BOY, TWO DOLLARS
WOULD LAST ME
TWO WEEKS!

SURE, BUT THINGS ARE
DIFFERENT NOW! US GUYS
DON'T OPERATE THE SAME
WAY YOU DID WHEN YOU
WERE A KID! GEE WHIZ--!

DURNED RIGHT YOU DON'T!
HUMPH! WHEN I WAS **YOUR**
AGE, I HAD TO WALK SIX
MILES TO SCHOOL THROUGH
SNOW UP TO MY NECK!

WELL, LAST WINTER
I HAD TO DRIVE
THROUGH SNOW
CLEAR UP TO MY
DUAL CARBURETORS!

OH--WISE CRACKS YOU'RE
GIVING OUT WITH NOW, EH?
THAT SETTLES IT! YOU'LL
NOT GET A CENT FROM
ME, NATCH!

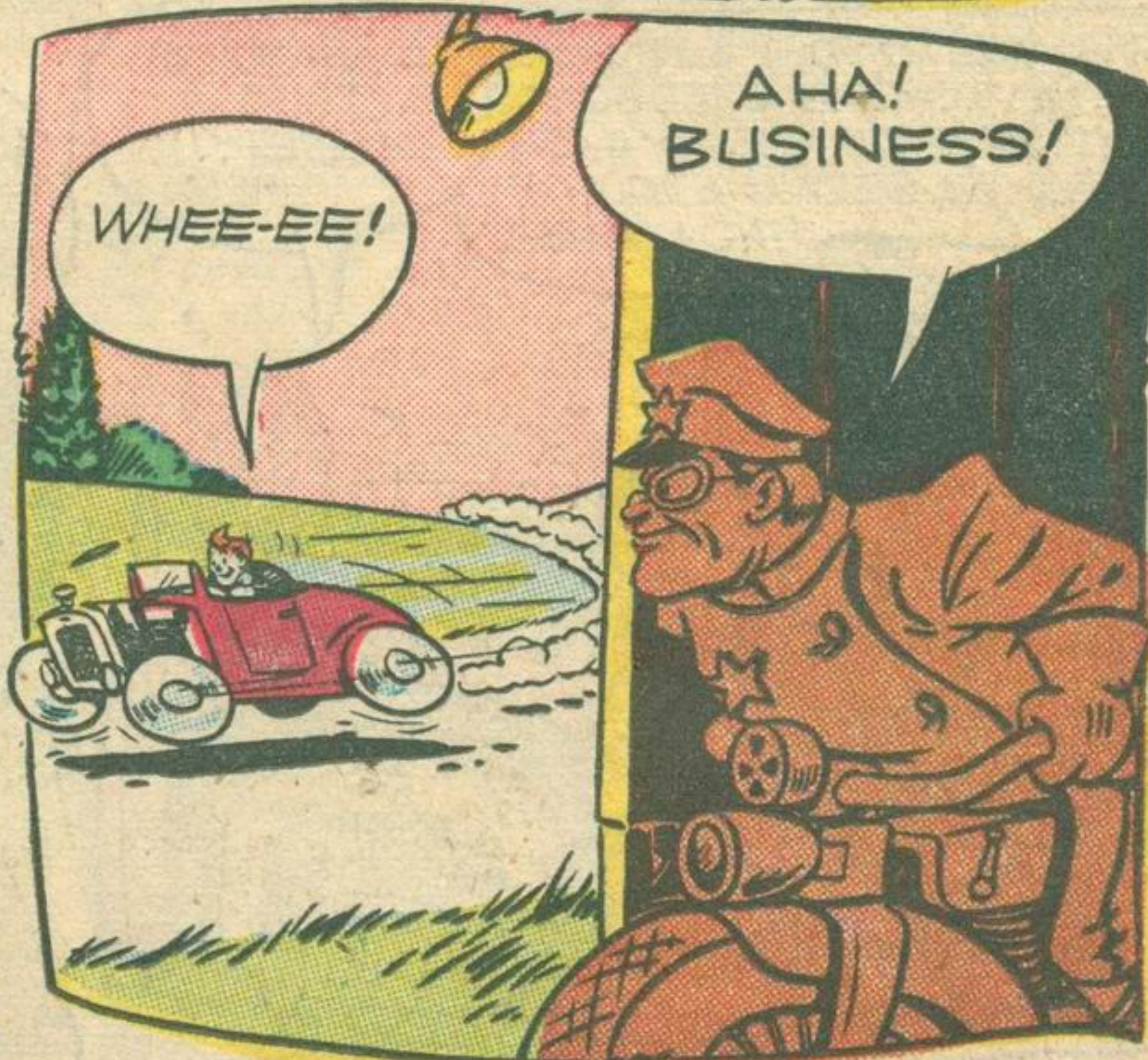
WOE--
WOE!

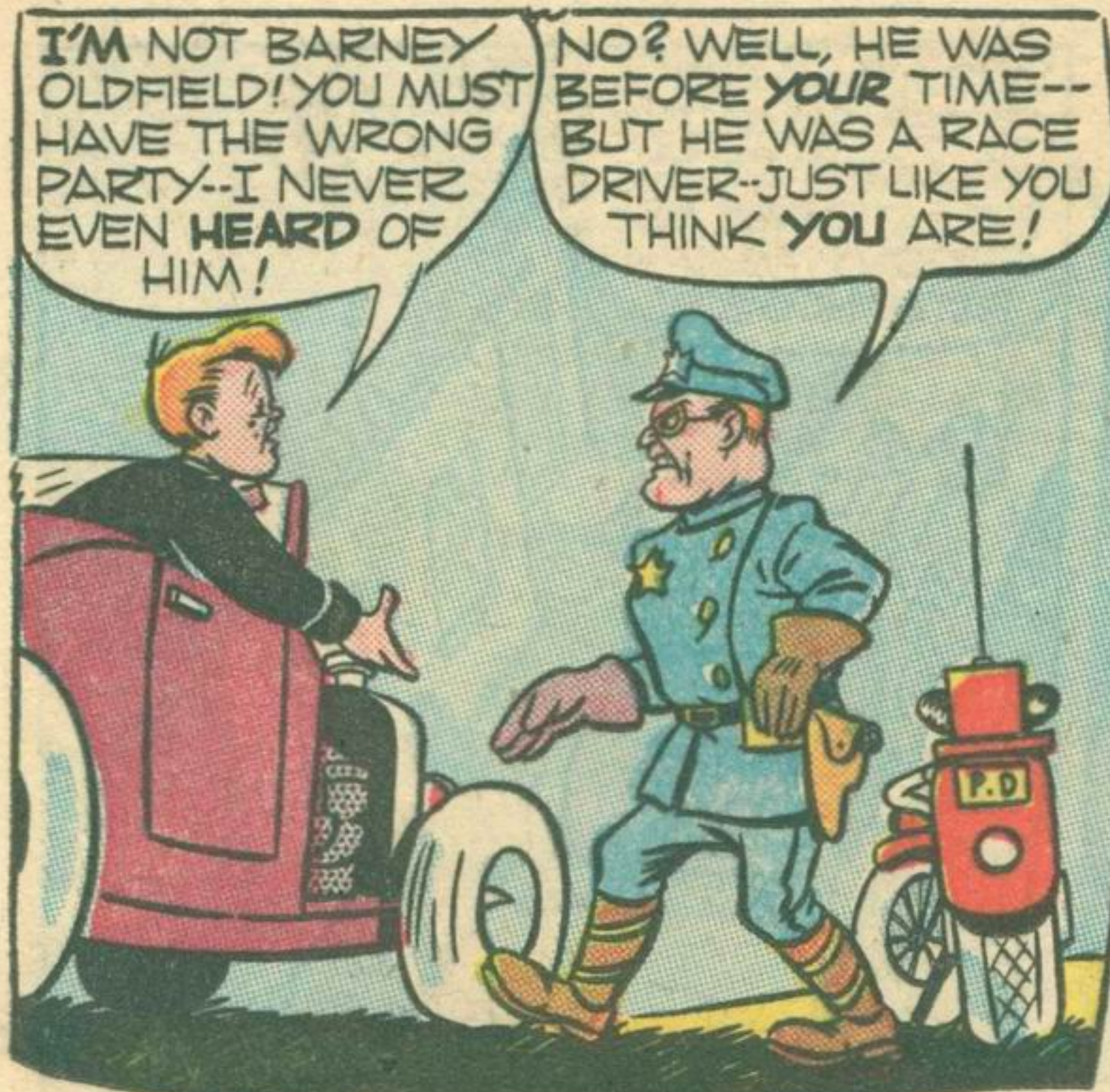
NATCH!
SO BLUE!
WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE?

AS USUAL! A DATE WITH A BRAND
NEW CHICK--A DRCOLY DREAM
DOLL! SHE'S JUST COME TA TOWN
AN' I WAS THE FIRST
GREGORY TA PECK HER!
SO WHAT? NO
FUNDS!

SAME OLD
FORMULA! A
TURN-DOWN
FROM FATHER,
SO--HERE!
ENJOY
YOURSELF!

HUBBA-HUBBA! REMIND
ME TA TELL YA YER
AN ANGEL, MOM!
THANKS, TWO
BUCKS' WORTH!





I'M NOT BARNEY
OLDFIELD! YOU MUST
HAVE THE WRONG
PARTY--I NEVER
EVEN **HEARD** OF
HIM!

NO? WELL, HE WAS
BEFORE **YOUR** TIME--
BUT HE WAS A RACE
DRIVER--JUST LIKE YOU
THINK **YOU** ARE!



AND IF THIS IS A
RACE, YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE TO PAY THE
ENTRY FEE--TO THE
JUDGE! THIS LITTLE
TICKET SHOULD
QUALIFY YOU!

BUT SERGEANT--I
MEAN CAPTAIN--
YA SEE, I WUZ ON MY
WAY TO VISIT A SICK
AUNT---



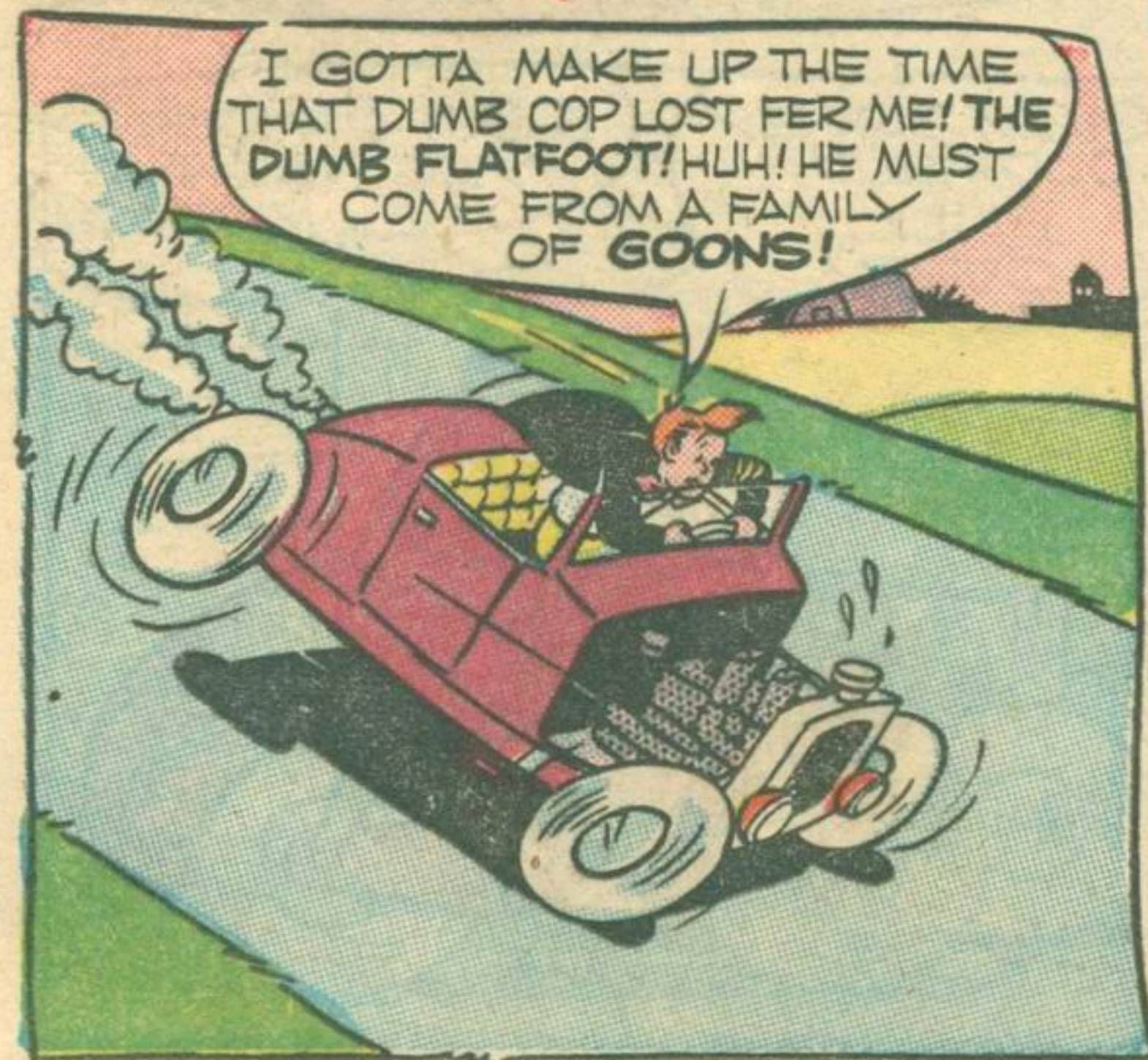
GIVE **THIS** TO YOUR AUNT, BUDDY.
I'M NEW ON THIS BEAT, SO YA
BETTER TAKE IT EASY---OR
WE'LL BE SEEING A LOT OF
EACH OTHER!

AW, WOT'S
THE
USE!!

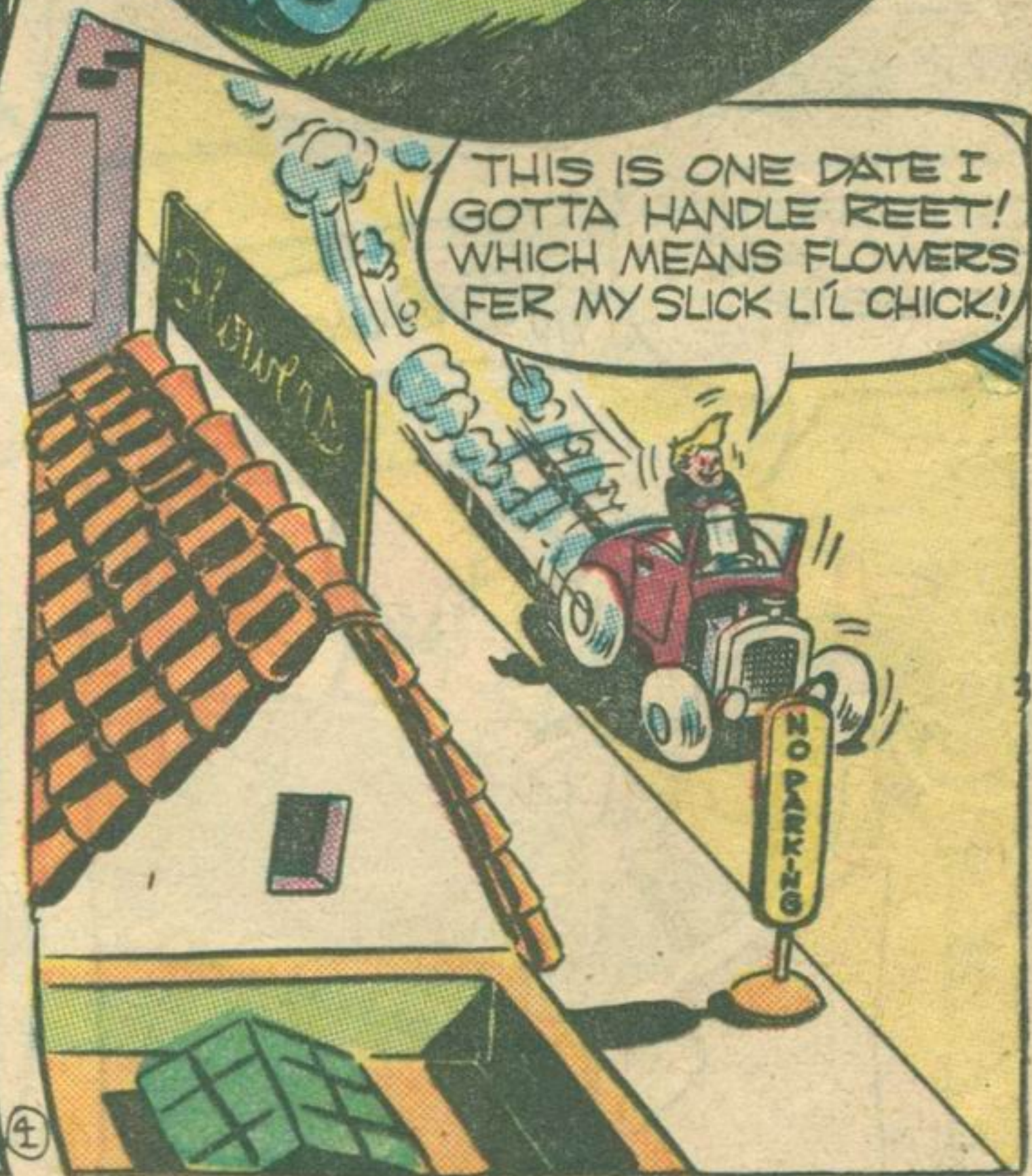


CRAZY
KIDS! ALWAYS
IN A HURRY
TO GET SOME-
PLACE--TO DO
NOTHIN'!

GLOOM!



I GOTTA MAKE UP THE TIME
THAT DUMB COP LOST FER ME! THE
DUMB FLATFOOT! HUH! HE MUST
COME FROM A FAMILY
OF **GOONS**!



THIS IS ONE DATE I
GOTTA HANDLE REET!
WHICH MEANS FLOWERS
FER MY SLICK LI'L CHICK!

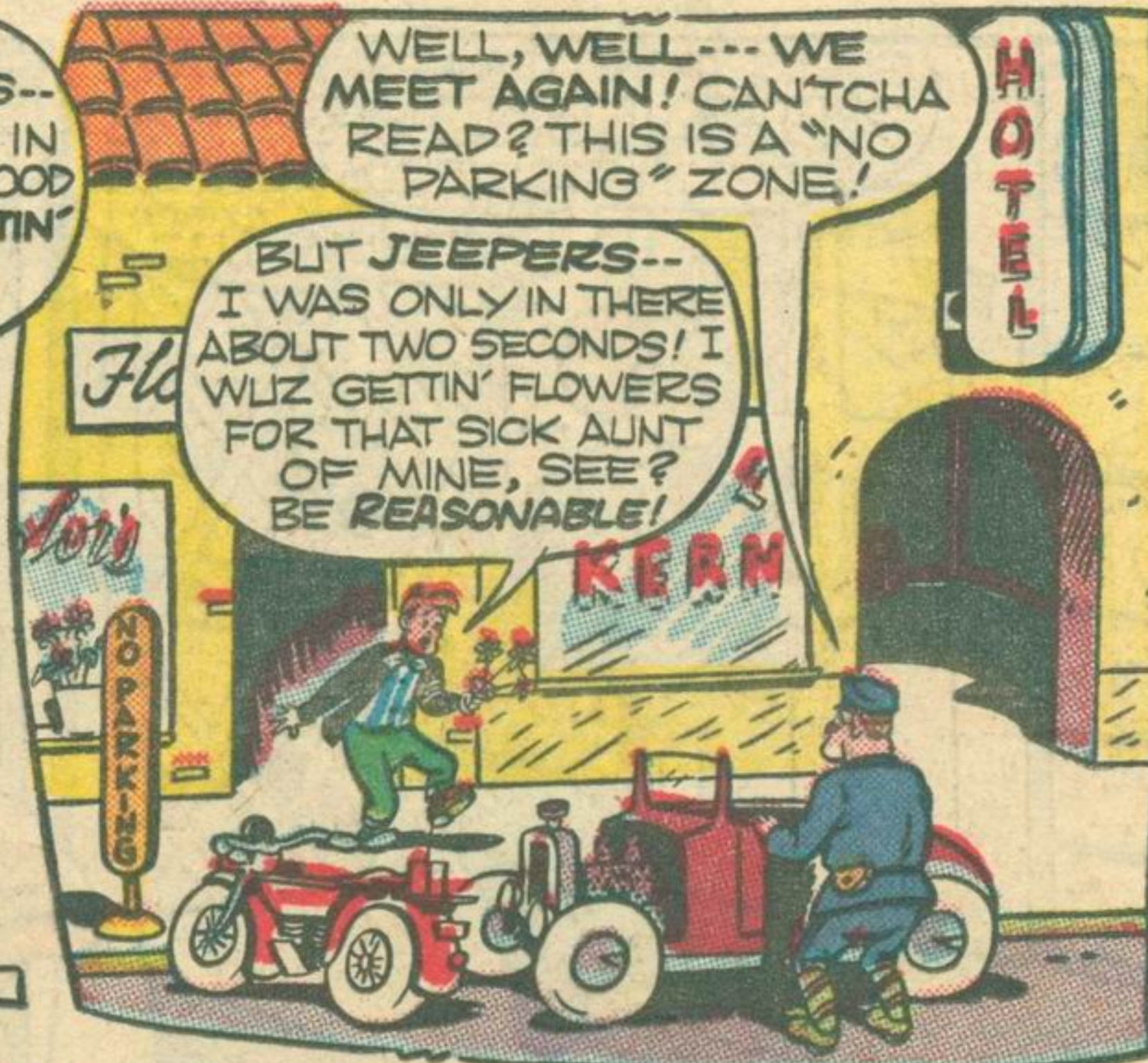
THE GENTLEMAN WISHES --?

ORCHIDS, GARDENIAS-- WHATEVER'S IN SEASON, MY GOOD MAN! I'M SHOOTIN' A WHOLE DOLLAR!



WELL, WELL--- WE MEET AGAIN! CANTCHA READ? THIS IS A "NO PARKING" ZONE!

BUT JEEPERS-- I WAS ONLY IN THERE ABOUT TWO SECONDS! I WLIZ GETTIN' FLOWERS FOR THAT SICK AUNT OF MINE, SEE? BE REASONABLE!



HA-HA! I CAN TELL YOU'RE NOT THE KIND O' FELLA WHO'D PASS ME A **SECOND** TICKET, ARE YA? I THOUGHT NOT! HA-HA!

OH, NO? I OUGHTA RUN YA IN-- YOU CAN COLLECT TICKETS FASTER'N I CAN WRITE 'EM!

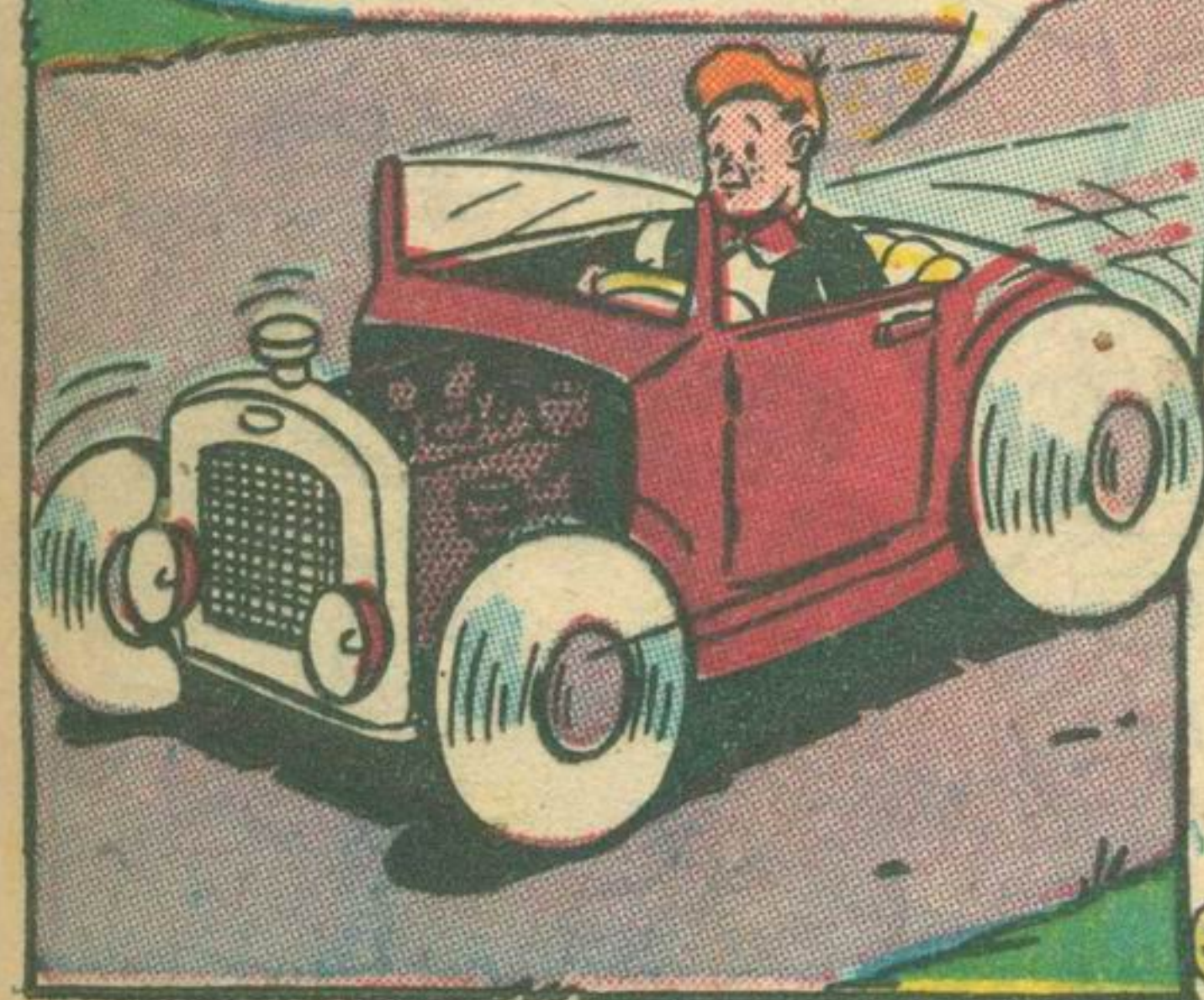


HERE! AND IF I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN, I'LL GIVE YOU A TICKET JUST ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES!

DON'T WORRY--- YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN!



WOTTA COP! OH, IF I COULD ONLY GET TA BE CHIEF O' POLICE DURING BOY'S WEEK! SO HELP ME, I'D FIRE 'IM!



HERE AT LAST! AN' NOW FER MY LI'L CUP CAKE! HUMPH-- I HOPE IT'S OKAY WITH THAT GOOFY COP IF I PARK HERE!





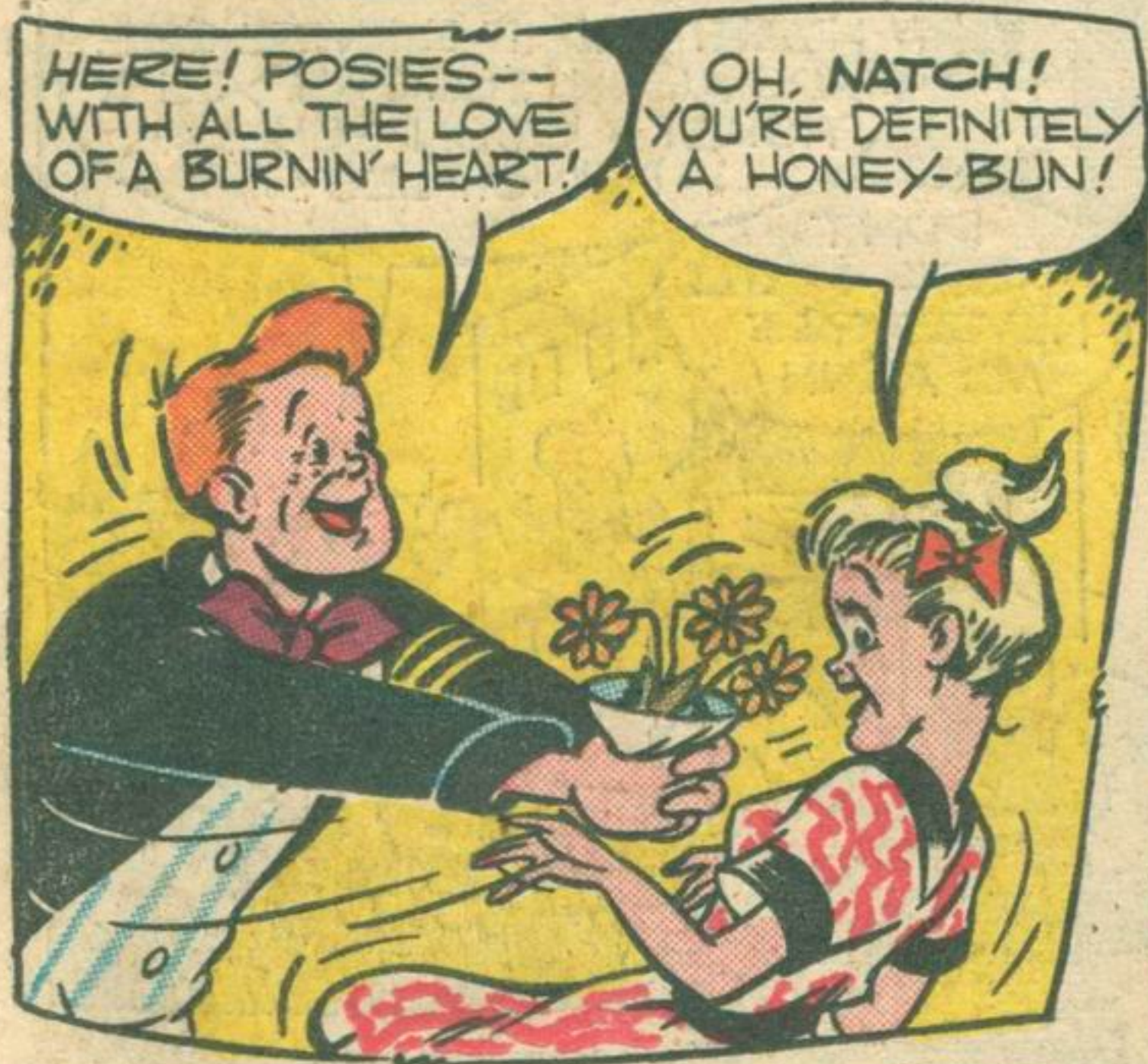
GUESS I'D BETTER KEEP MY YAP SHUT ABOUT THOSE TICKETS! JUDY'S PARENTS MIGHT THINK I WUZ A RECKLESS DRIVER, OR SUMP'N!

RAP!
RAP!



GREETINGS, GATE! YOU GOT HERE LATE!

UH-HUH--BUT WAIT'LL YA SEE WOT THIS GORGEOUS HUNK O' MASCULINITY BROUGHT HIS LI'L JUDY!



HERE! POSIES-- WITH ALL THE LOVE OF A BURNIN' HEART!

OH, NATCH! YOU'RE DEFINITELY A HONEY-BUN!



IT'S A SCRUMPTIOUS CORSAGE! THANKS, MY DROOL FOOL! WHAT MADE YOU LATE LIKE A TRAIN?

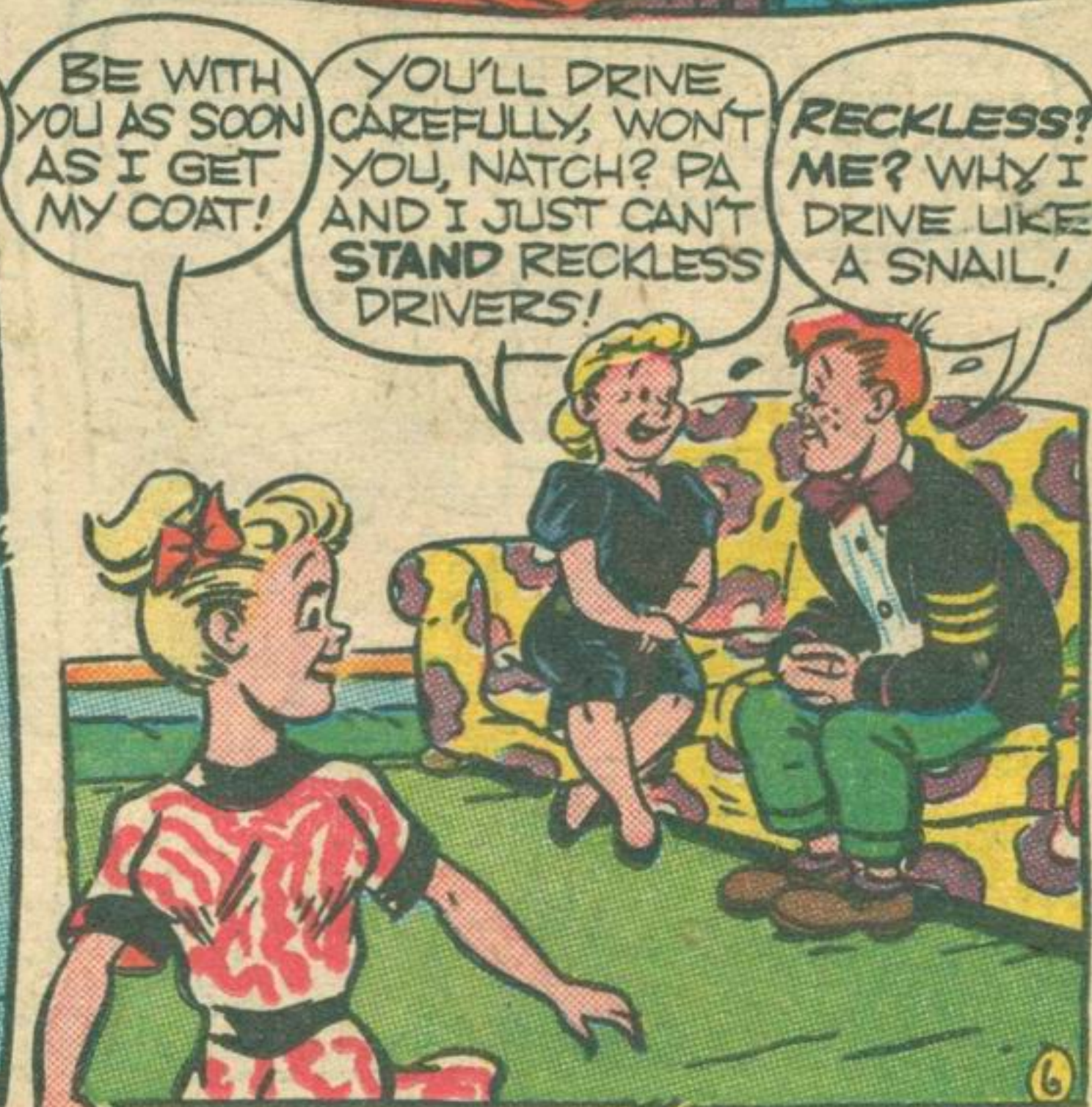
WELL--LL-- I RAN INTO--ER--IT SEEMS THAT--AH-- I HAD--I HAD A FLAT TIRE! YESSIR, THAT SURE WAS A FLAT TIRE I RAN INTO!



MOTHER, THIS IS NATCH-- ISN'T HE CUTE? I ALMOST SWALLOWED MY BUBBLE GUM WHEN I FIRST SAW HIM!

SO PLEASED TO MEET YOU, NATCH!

ER--AH-- ME LIKEWISE, I'M SURE!



BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I GET MY COAT!

YOU'LL DRIVE CAREFULLY, WON'T YOU, NATCH? PA AND I JUST CAN'T STAND RECKLESS DRIVERS!

RECKLESS? ME? WHY I DRIVE LIKE A SNAIL!

C'MON, NATCH-BOY--
LET'S HIT THE ROAD! NIGHT,
MOM!



HAVE A GOOD TIME,
CHILDREN! YOUR
FATHER WILL BE
SO PLEASED--KNOW-
ING YOU'RE WITH
SOMEONE WHO'S
SAFE!



WHY--
FATHER!

FATHER!
IS THAT-- I
MEAN, IS HE
YOUR FATHER?
OH-HH!

!!!



WELL, YOU YOUNG
GOW-HOUND? WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

UH--YA SEE--
YER DAUGHTER
AN' ME--WELL,
SHE'S TAKIN' ME--
I MEAN, I'M
T-TAKIN HER--



YOU MEAN YOU'RE TAKING MY JUDY
OUT? WHY, I WOULDN'T LET MY LITTLE
GIRL RIDE IN THAT HOT ROD OF YOURS
IF MY LIFE DEPENDED
ON IT! YOU'RE A MENACE
TO LIFE AND LIMB!
GET OUT-- BEFORE I--



BOO-HOO-HOO!

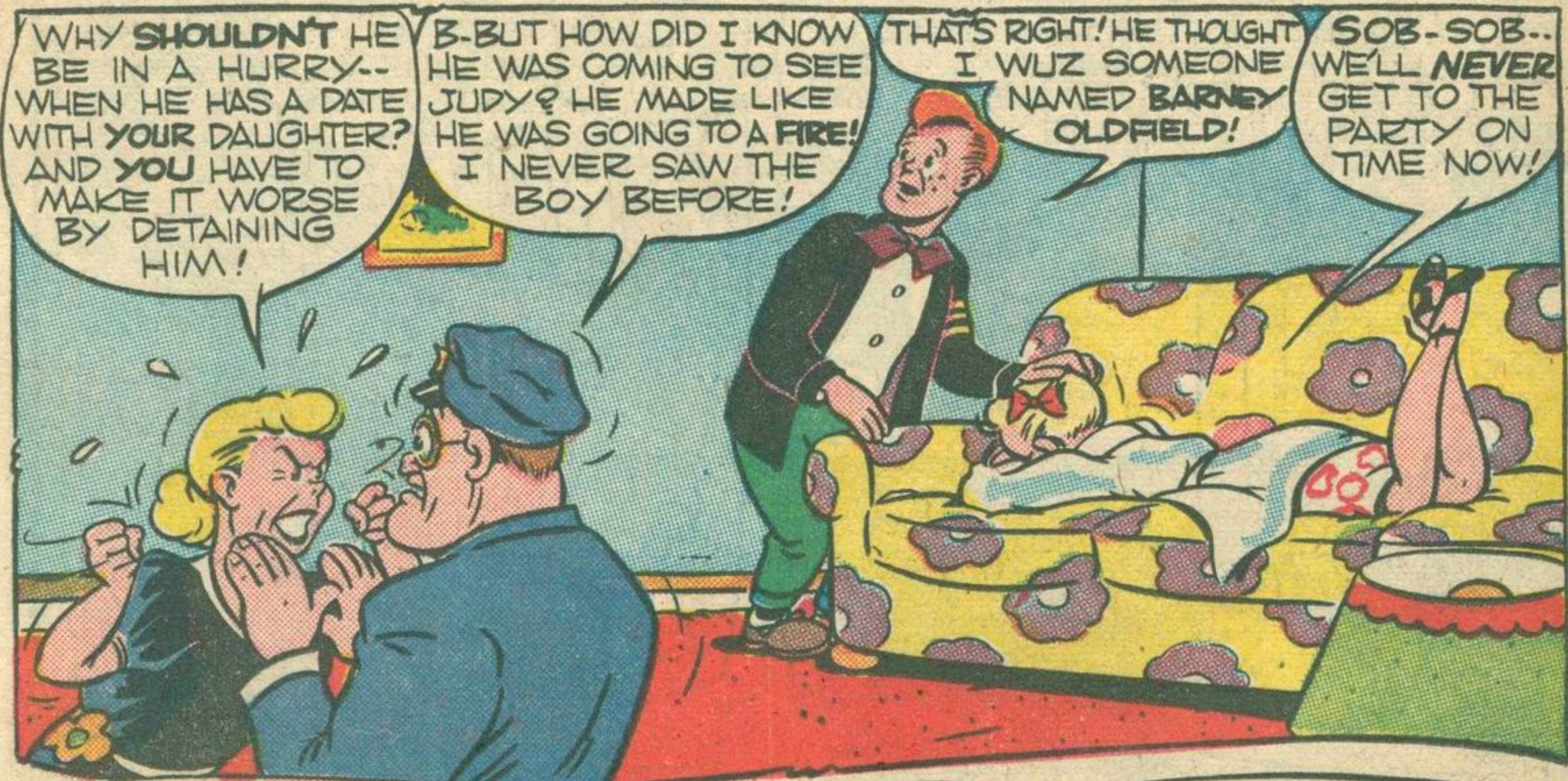
--AND WHAT'S MORE--
--HEY! WHAT'S EATIN'
HER?



YOU! THE VERY IDEA,
COMING IN HERE
JUST AS SHE'S READY
TO LEAVE FOR A PARTY
---AND JUMPING
ALL OVER HER BOY
FRIEND! AND HIM
SUCH A FINE YOUNG
MAN, TOO!

FINE YOUNG MAN, IS IT??
WHY, I GAVE THAT SPEED
DEMON TWO TICKETS IN
TWO MINUTES AWHILE
AGO! HE DOESN'T STEER
THAT CRATE--HE JUST
FOLLOWS THE
RADIATOR CAP!





WHY **SHOULDN'T** HE BE IN A HURRY-- WHEN HE HAS A DATE WITH **YOUR** DAUGHTER? AND **YOU** HAVE TO MAKE IT WORSE BY DETAINING HIM!

B-BUT HOW DID I KNOW HE WAS COMING TO SEE JUDY? HE MADE LIKE HE WAS GOING TO A **FIRE!** I NEVER SAW THE BOY BEFORE!

THAT'S RIGHT! HE THOUGHT I WUZ SOMEONE NAMED **BARNEY** **OLDFIELD!**

SOB-SOB-- WE'LL **NEVER** GET TO THE PARTY ON TIME NOW!



JUDY, DEAR! DADDY DIDN'T KNOW THE YOUNG MAN WAS COMING TO SEE HIS DAUGHTER! STOP CRYING, PLEASE! --DADDY'S **SORRY** FOR THE WAY HE CARRIED OUT HIS SWORN DUTY AS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW!

SNIFF-SNIFF-- WELL--



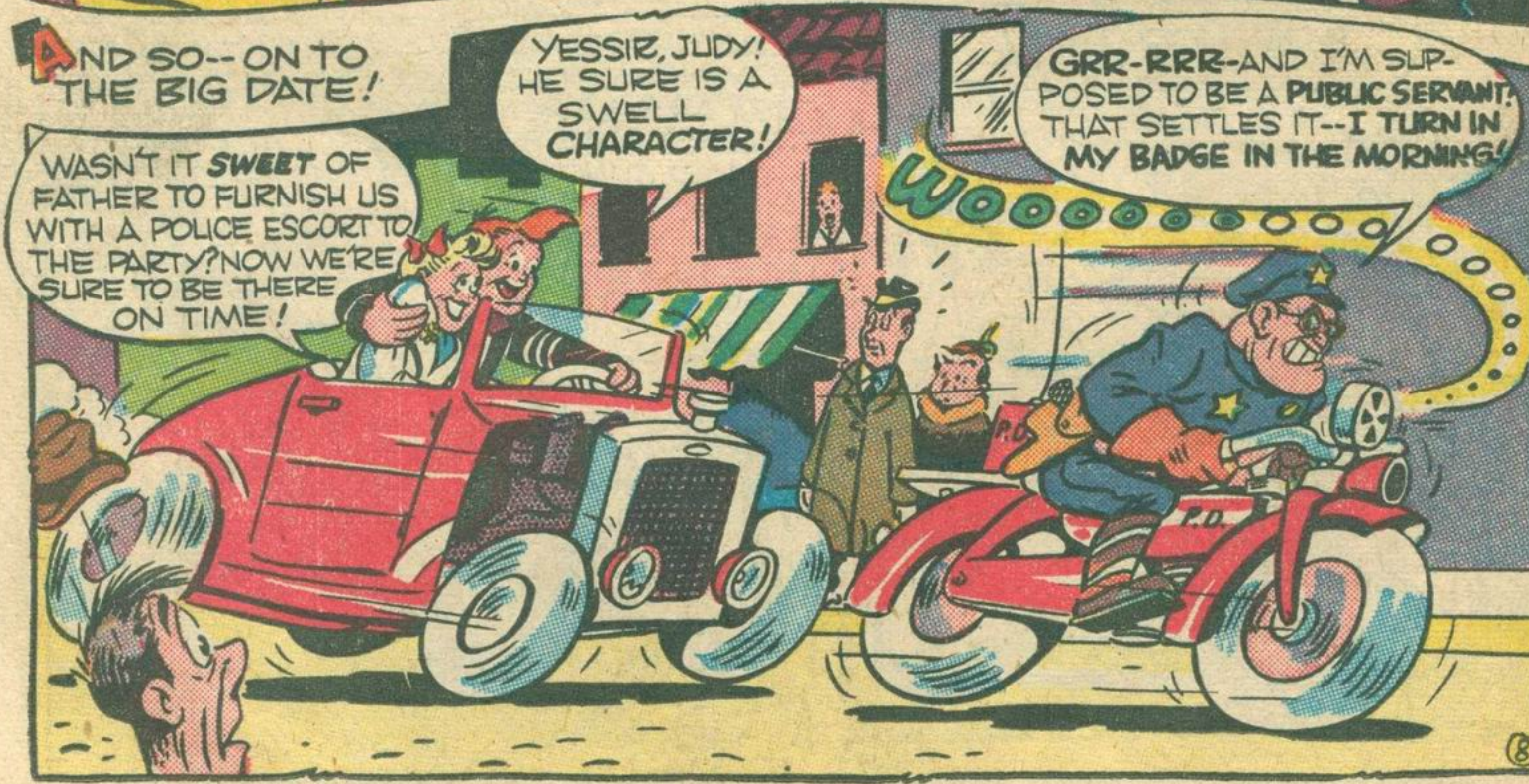
--ALL RIGHT-- IF YOU'LL APOLOGIZE TO NATCH AND TEAR UP THE MEAN OL' TICKETS YOU GAVE HIM!

WHAT? WHY, I'LL-- UH-- I'LL-- OH, ALL RIGHT THEN! **GRR--**



YOUNG MAN--I APOLOGIZE! I'M **SORRY** I GAVE YOU A TICKET FOR DRIVING AT SEVENTY IN A TWENTY-MILE ZONE, AND I FEEL LIKE A CAD FOR GIVING YOU ANOTHER TICKET FOR PARKING IN A **NO PARKING** ZONE! I MUST HAVE BEEN **CRAZY!**

APOLOGY ACCEPTED!



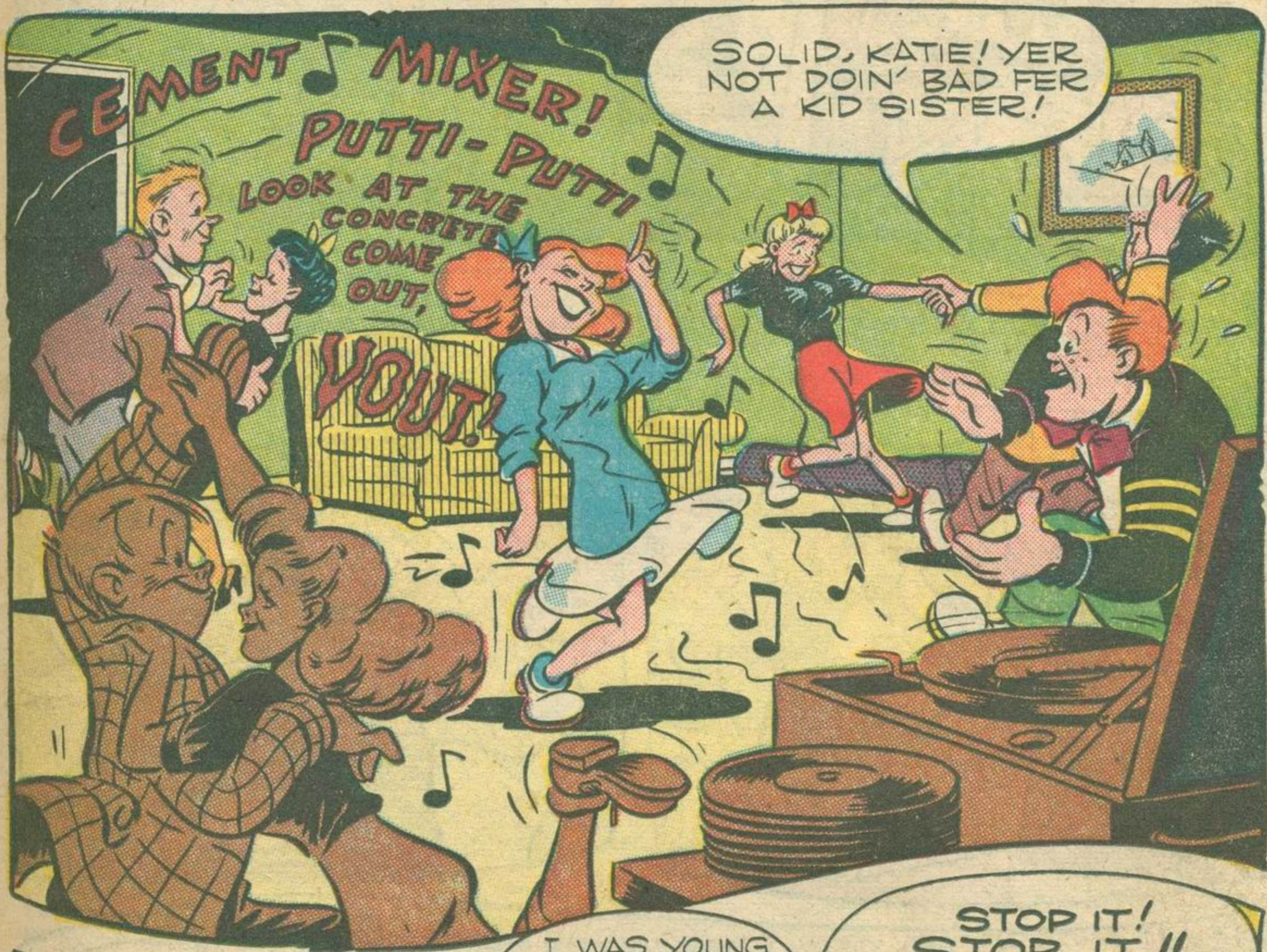
AND SO-- ON TO THE BIG DATE!

WASN'T IT **SWEET** OF FATHER TO FURNISH US WITH A POLICE ESCORT TO THE PARTY? NOW WE'RE SURE TO BE THERE ON TIME!

YESSIR, JUDY! HE SURE IS A **SWELL** CHARACTER!

GRR-RRR-- AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A **PUBLIC SERVANT!** THAT SETTLES IT-- I TURN IN MY BADGE IN THE MORNING!

The **KILROYS** *in*
"JIVE TAKES A HOLIDAY"



THAT'S ENOUGH
OF THAT CRAZY
MUSIC-- IF
YOU CAN CALL
IT MUSIC!

BUT POP!
WOT'S EATIN'
YA?

NEVER
MIND, NATCH!
I JUST WANT
TO TAKE A LOOK
THROUGH SOME
OF THESE--AH
--RECORDS!

FATHER!
MUST
YOU?

YES, KATIE--I **MUST!** I WANT
TO SEE IF YOU HAVE ANY
GOOD MUSIC HERE! HMMM.
LET'S SEE--"GOOD DEAL IN
MOBILE"--"COPPIN' THE BOP"
--"CEMENT MIXER"-- DO
YOU CALL THESE **MUSIC**?
THEY DIDN'T HAVE TRIPE
LIKE THIS WHEN I
WAS YOUNG!



WHY DON'T YOU KIDS ENLARGE YOUR
MUSICAL DEPTH BY LISTENING TO THE
WORKS OF **MASTERS**--LIKE **BEETHOVEN**,
BACH, **DEBUSSY**--

--YOU'LL KNOW MUSIC THEN--
AND I'LL BE **PROUD** OF YOU!
HMPH-- CAN'T YOU SEE HOW **NON-
SENSICAL** SUCH STUFF AS
"CEMENT MIXER" IS?



SWELL!
WE'LL GO
CLASSICAL
LIKE MR.
KILROY
WANTS!

YA KNOW--I THINK MY POP'S **RIGHT!**
WODDEYA SAY IF FROM NOW ON,
'STEAD OF BARREL HOUSE, BOOGIE-
WOOGIE AN' THE BLUES, WE
MAKE WITH **BACH**, **BEETHOVEN**
AN' **BRAHMS**?

WELL--WHAT'S
HOLDIN' US?

LIKE
MY **SISTER**
KATIE SEZ!





CLASSICS--
--WE GOTTA
MAKE 'WITH
CLASSICS--



MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU
HAVE IGOR STRAVINSKY'S
"LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS"?--
THAT'S THE "RITE OF SPRING"
TO YOU!

HUH?--B-BUT
--ER--YES, WE'VE
GOT IT!



I JUST CAN'T
WAIT FOR THIS
NOBLE INTERPRE-
TATION!

?!?



GOOD AFTERNOON,
MR. WOODY! I SHOULD
LIKE TO PURCHASE
CLAUDE-ACHILLE DE BUSSY'S
"NOCTURNES"!

YLP!
SURE, SURE,
NATCH--
W-WOTEVER
YOU SAY!



AH, THE MUSIC OF
THE MASTERS!

HOT!
"VOLT
SNOUT"
OUT TODAY!



MAYBE I'M SICK? I DON'T
GET IT! I CAN'T BELIEVE
MY EARS!



HELLO THERE,
MR. WOODY!
ER--DO YOU HAVE
TSCHAIKOWSKY'S
"NUTCRACKER
SUITE"?



YES, I HAVE, BUT--
JEEPERS, KATIE--
WOT'S GOING ON? THIS
SUDDEN CRAZE FOR
CLASSICAL MUSIC--
WOT GIVES?

HOT!
"VOLT
SNOUT"
OUT TODAY

GENE
TRIPA

FROM NOW ON, HOT DISCS ARE OUT! OUR BUNCH IS PLACING ITS MUSICAL APPRECIATION ON A HIGHER PLANE!

B-BUT WHY THE SUDDEN TURN AGAINST JIVE PLATTERS? WOT STARTED ALL THIS?

IF IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY FATHER WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US! FROM NOW ON, IT'S STRICTLY FROM CLASSIC!

WAIT, KATIE--WAIT! YA GOTTA DO SUMPN'! I GOT A WIFE AN' TWO KIDS TA SUP-PORT--AN' WE CAN'T EAT SWING PLATTERS!

SORRY, MR. WOODY, BUT WE'RE GOIN' TO BE CULTURED--AND WE'RE STARTIN' WITH GOOD MUSIC!

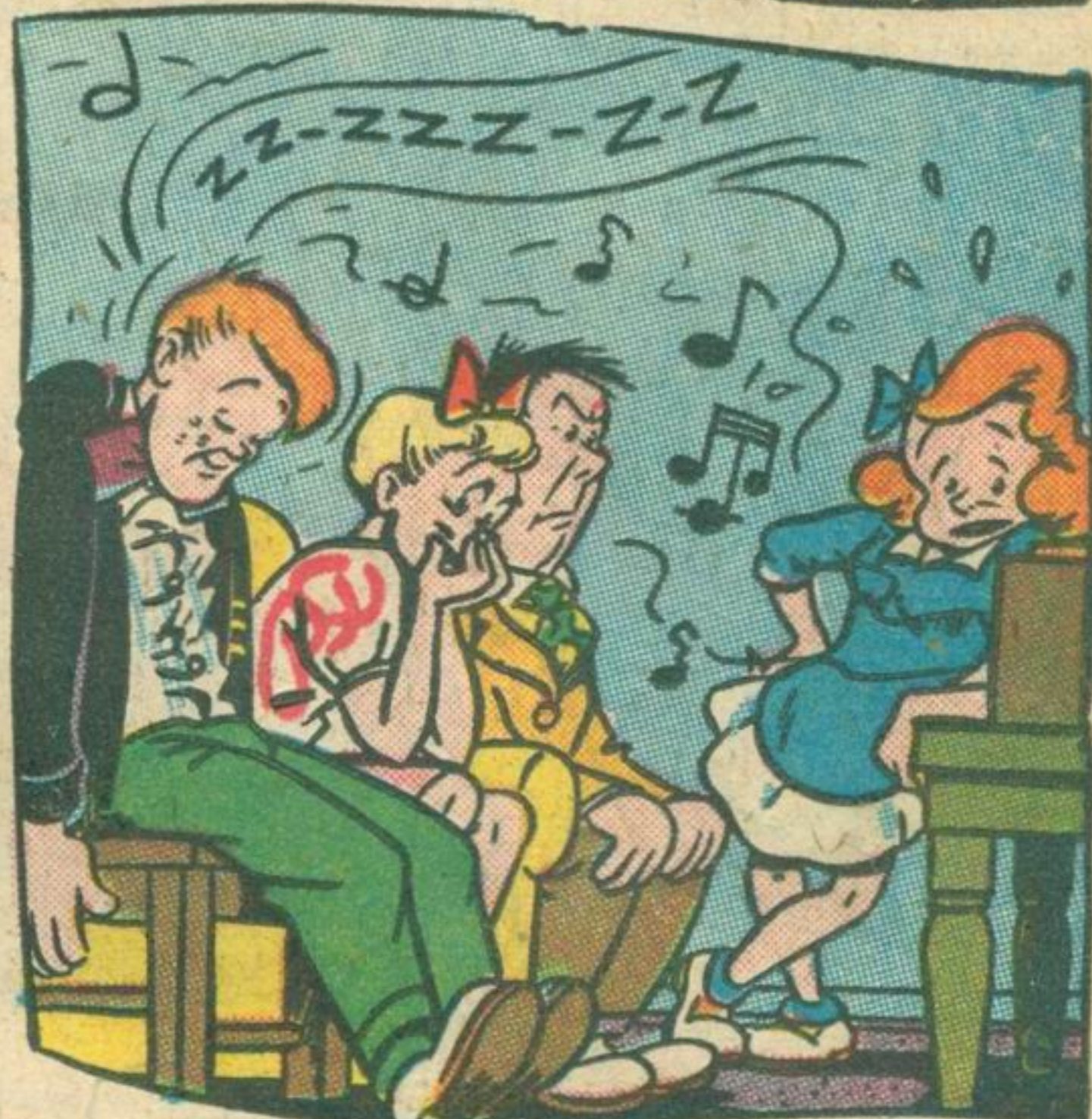
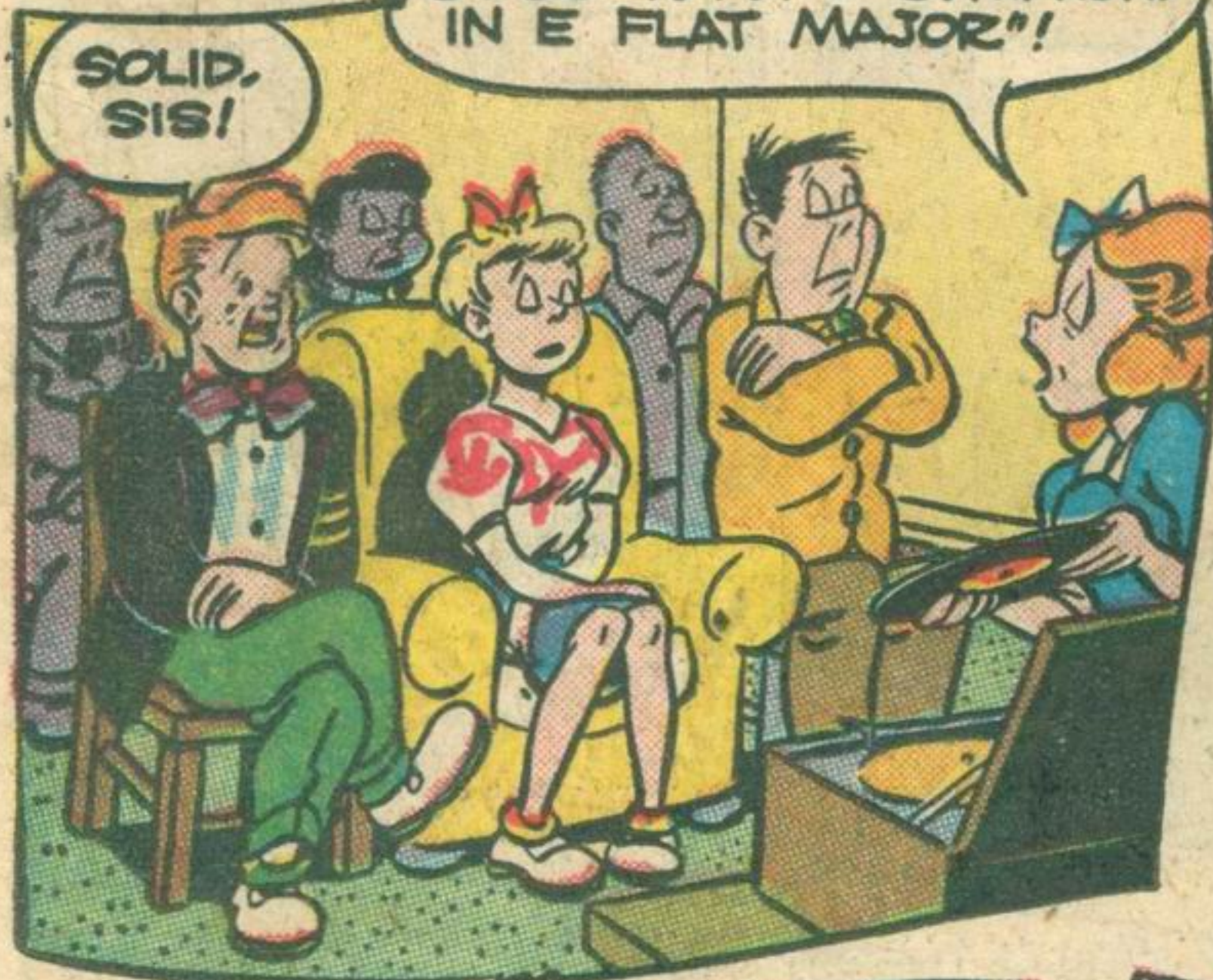
AN' ME WITH FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF JUMPIN' JIVE RECORDS IN STOCK! YA CAN'T DO THIS TA ME!



AND SO...

--AND NOW WE WILL HEAR JOSEF HAYDN'S "SYMPHONY IN E FLAT MAJOR"!

SOLID, SIS!



WELL, NOW -- THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! THIS IS MUSIC! REMINDS ME OF WHEN I WAS THEIR AGE!



J. EDGAR KILROY! YOU PREVARICATOR! WHY, YOU NEVER LISTENED TO MUSIC LIKE THAT BEFORE IN YOUR LIFE!

NO, MOM! NO! SH-H-H-H-H!







CULTURE, EH?-- HEY, KIDS! GET A LOAD OF THE
HIGH-CLASS MUSIC MY POP WENT FOR! YES, WE
HAVE NO BANANAS! "BARNEY GOOGLE, WITH
HIS GOO-GOO
GOOGLEY EYES!"



AND SO-- LOOK
WHAT HAPPENED
TO CULTURE!

SO! YOU THINK THE
SONGS WE LISTEN TO
ARE BAD, EH? WELL,
THEY BEAT YOUR CORNY
OLD STUFF EIGHT TO THE
BAR! YOU AND YOUR
UKULELE! HMPH!

THAT'S MY
POP!
HAW-HAW!



NICE OF YOU TO BRING
MORE CLASSICAL ALBUMS,
MR. WOODY, BUT THE KIDS
AREN'T GOING IN FOR THAT
TYPE NOW! YOU SEE--THE
TREND HAS ALREADY
CHANGED!

AND I JUST
TRADED MY JIVE
STOCK FOR \$5000
WORTH OF CLASSICS!
OH-H-H-H!



KOLLEGE KAPERS

By AL HARTLEY

I WONDER WHY MY GAL CLOSES HER EYES WHEN I KISS HER?

LOOK IN THE MIRROR!

WERE YOU INJURED WHILE YOU WERE ON THE ELEVEN?

NOPE...JUST WHEN THE ELEVEN WUZ ON ME!

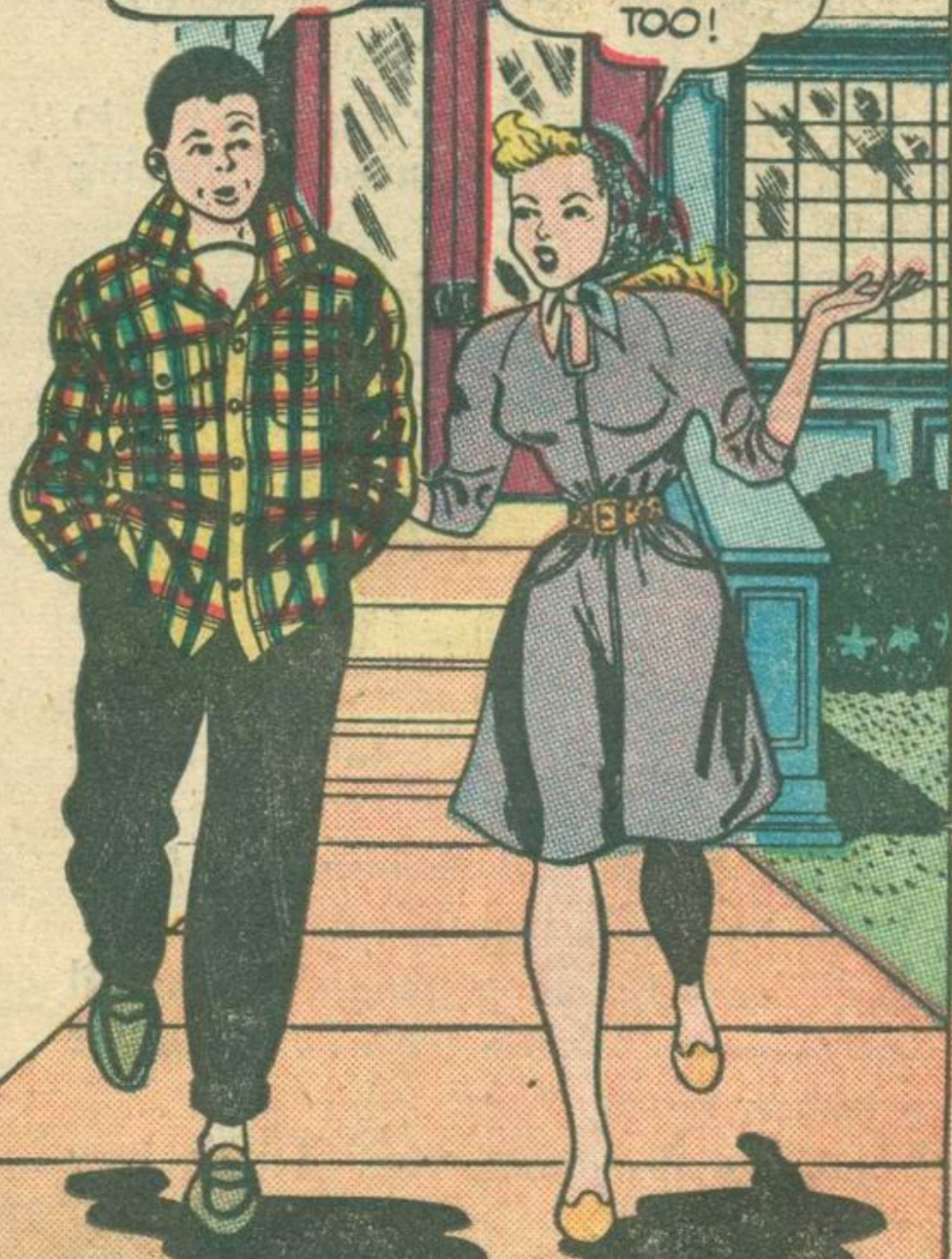


WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BRINGING MY DAUGHTER HOME AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING?

I HAD TO, SIR! YA SEE, I GOTTA BE IN SCHOOL BY EIGHT!

THE DEAN SAYS HE'S GONNA STOP SMOKING IN THE SCHOOL!

HUH! NEXT THING YA KNOW, HE'LL BE ASKING US TO STOP TOO!



PARTNERS *to the* END

THE dance had been a great success! The band was mellow, Judy was terrific, the moon was sailing high, an' handsome and the old jalopy was purrin' like a basket of kittens. Natch felt wonderful as he steered the crate home from Judy's. What a night! What a gal!

He parked in front of the house, yawned, stretched, and then, to show how good he felt, Natch catapulted out of the car, feet first. *Rrrrip!*

"Oh, brother!" Natch moaned, as his fingers explored the huge tear in the seat of his dress suit. "Oh, father!" For the suit didn't belong to Natch at all, and he had worked every angle to get permission from his dad to wear it.

Natch turned into the front walk, trying to scheme out a scheme. "Maybe I can have it woven or patched or somethin'," he worried, letting himself into the house. "Maybe I can . . . oh-oh! *Too late!*"

There in the living room, large as life, was pop, J. Edgar Kilroy himself, a welcoming committee of one.

"Hi, son!" Mr. Kilroy greeted the quivering Natch. "Have a good time?"

Natch circled around the room, back to his father. "Sure did!" he answered, forcing a smile.

"Well, tell me about it," pop commanded. "Let's head for the kitchen and some sandwiches. I always say there's nothing like a good man-to-man talk over rare hamburgers and onions!"

"If you'll excuse me—" Natch started to say, but J. Edgar interrupted him.

"Nonsense, boy! With mother and Katie asleep, you and I can really raid the refrigerator!"

Suddenly, Natch had an *inspiration!* His own father had given him the cue!

"Pop," said Natch, gulping. "It's awful swell of you to be such a pal . . . instead of just a father, I mean!"

"Think nothing of it, son. That's how things *should* be!"

"Yeah, I think so too. I mean we're just a coupla guys, *sharin'* the same problems, *sharin'* the same house, *sharin'* the same family. . . ."

"That's a good thought, son. 'Sharing' is the word. I always say that a father and son should share and share alike! After all, Natch . . ."

"Gee, pop, d'ya really mean it? *Do ya? Really?*"

"I certainly *do*, and I might add . . ."

Natch swallowed hard. "In that case," he said, "there's somethin' I'd like ta mention. I . . . I . . . I just tore a big hole in the seat of *our* dress suit!"

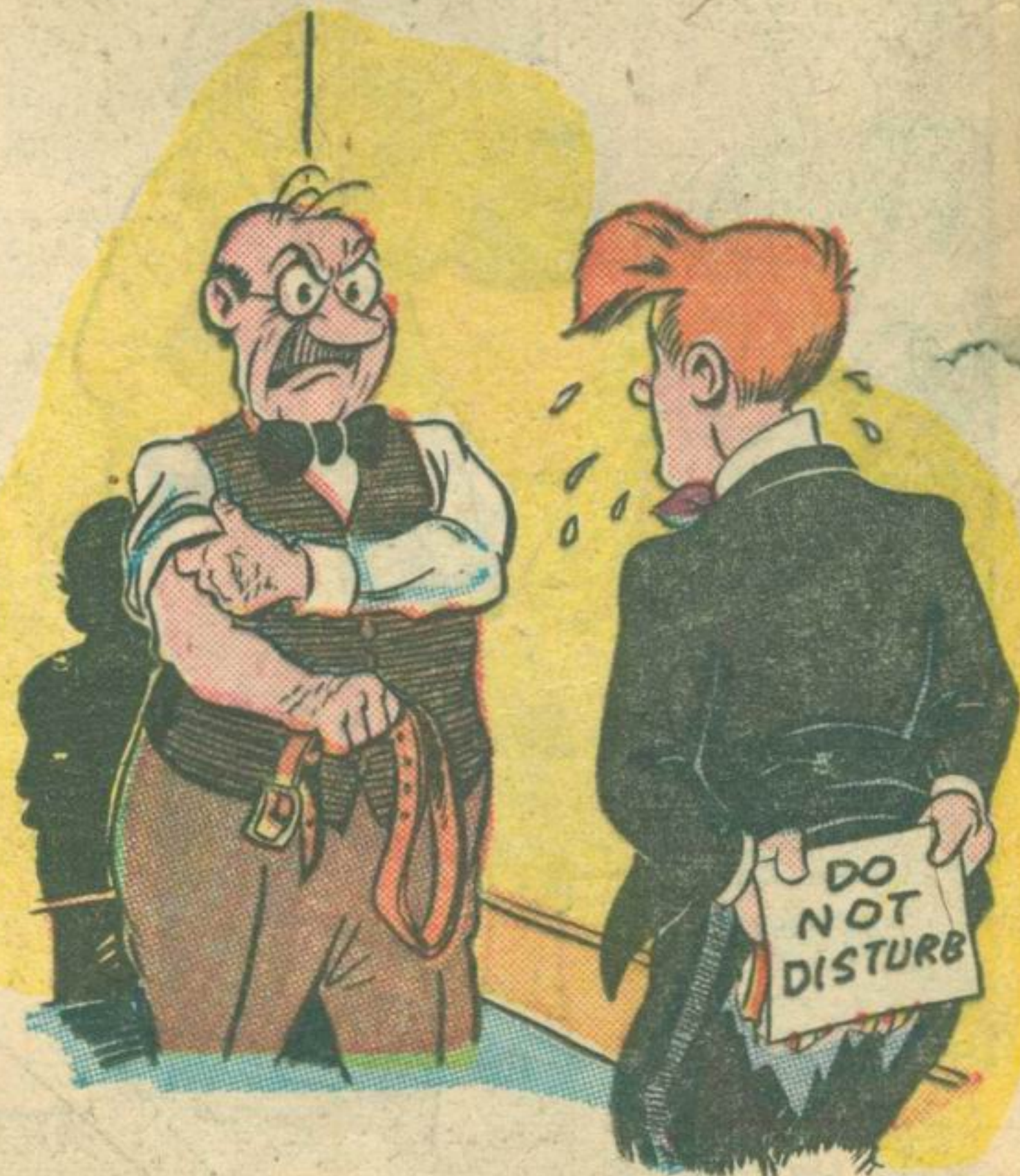
"You *what?*" Mr. Kilroy roared, so loudly that Mrs. Kilroy and Katie came racing downstairs.

"I *told* ya, pop! Gee whiz, you *said* we should share an' . . ."

"Merciful day, what's going on?" Mrs. Kilroy wanted to know.

"Stand aside, Emma!" Mr. Kilroy said meaningfully. "I've got something to *share* with your son . . . if he doesn't object to my using *my* belt!"

"*It didn't work!*" Natch moaned.



"Natch"

IN

"TRUE LOVE RUNS ROUGH"

NICE BUSINESS!
WE DROP IN TA SEE
YER EVER-LOVIN' JUDY!
WOT AM I SUPPOSED TA DO
WHILE YOL MAKE GOO-GOO
EYES AT HER--WATCH?

QUIT BLOWIN' YER
TOP, JACKSON! CAN I
HELP IT IF YA DON'T
HAVE NO PAPER DOLL
TA CALL YER OWN?



NATCH!
WHOZAT?

I-I
DUNNO!

J-JEEPERS!

GR-RRR!

C'MON, JACKSON--GIMME
A BOOST UP TA THE WINDOW!
I WANNA GET A GOOD LOOK
AT THAT CHARACTER!





QUIET! I DUNNO --MUST BE SOME NEW GUY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD! GOLLY! DO YA SUPPOSE JUDYS GOT HERSELF A NEW BOY FR--



OH--HELLO, JUDY! I JUST HAPPENED TA--I WUZ-ER-SAY, HAVE YA SEEN NATCH? I WUZ LOOKIN' FER NATCH, THAT'S IT!

WHY NO, JACKSON--BUT I'M EXPECTING HIM TO-NIGHT! COME IN--I WANT YOU TO MEET SOME-ONE!



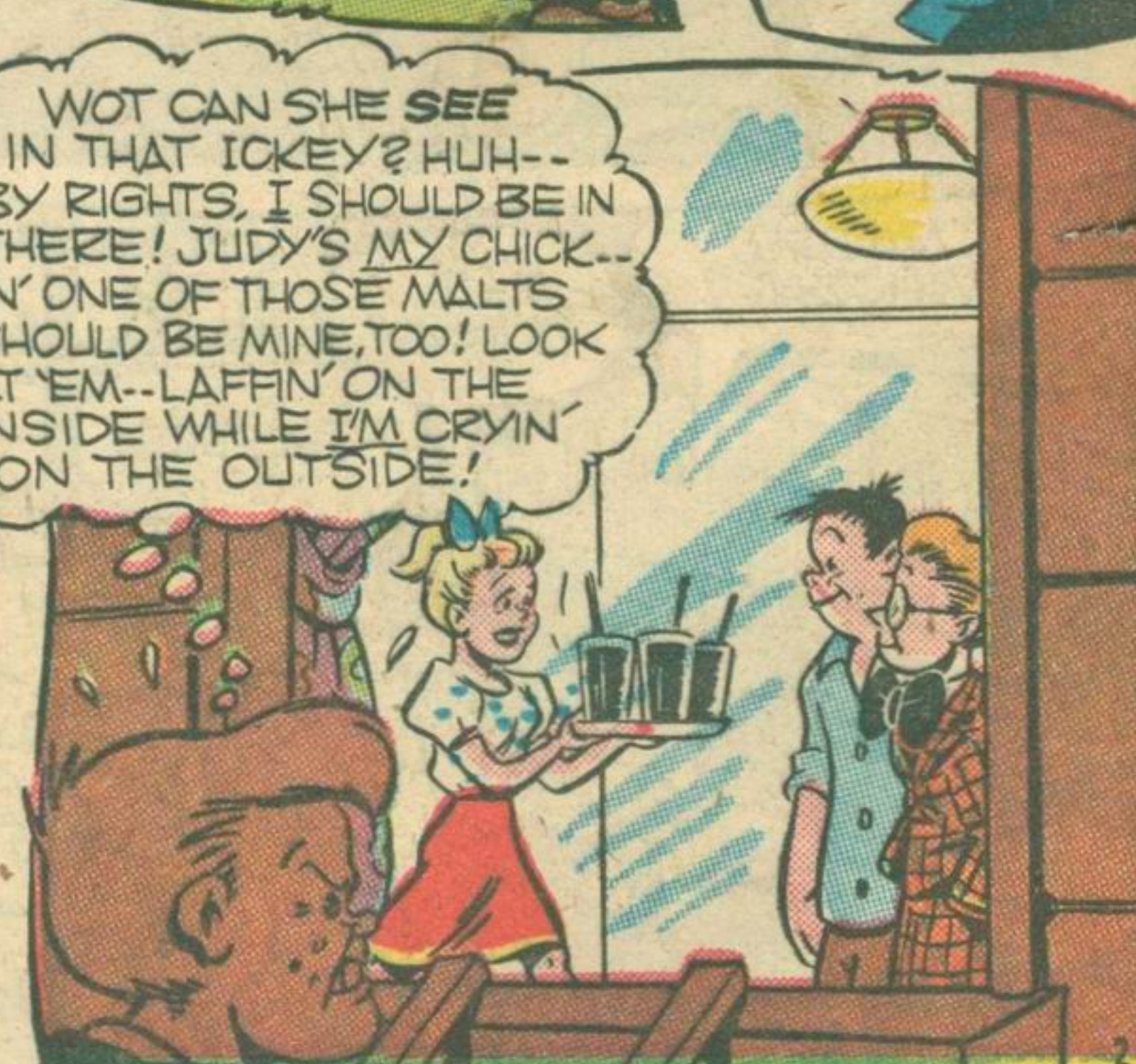
B-BUT I CAN'T--NOT NOW, ANYWAY! I GOTTA FIND NATCH!

OH, COME ON -- YOU CAN WAIT FOR NATCH HERE! AND I'LL MIX YOU THE BEST MALT YOU EVER HAD!

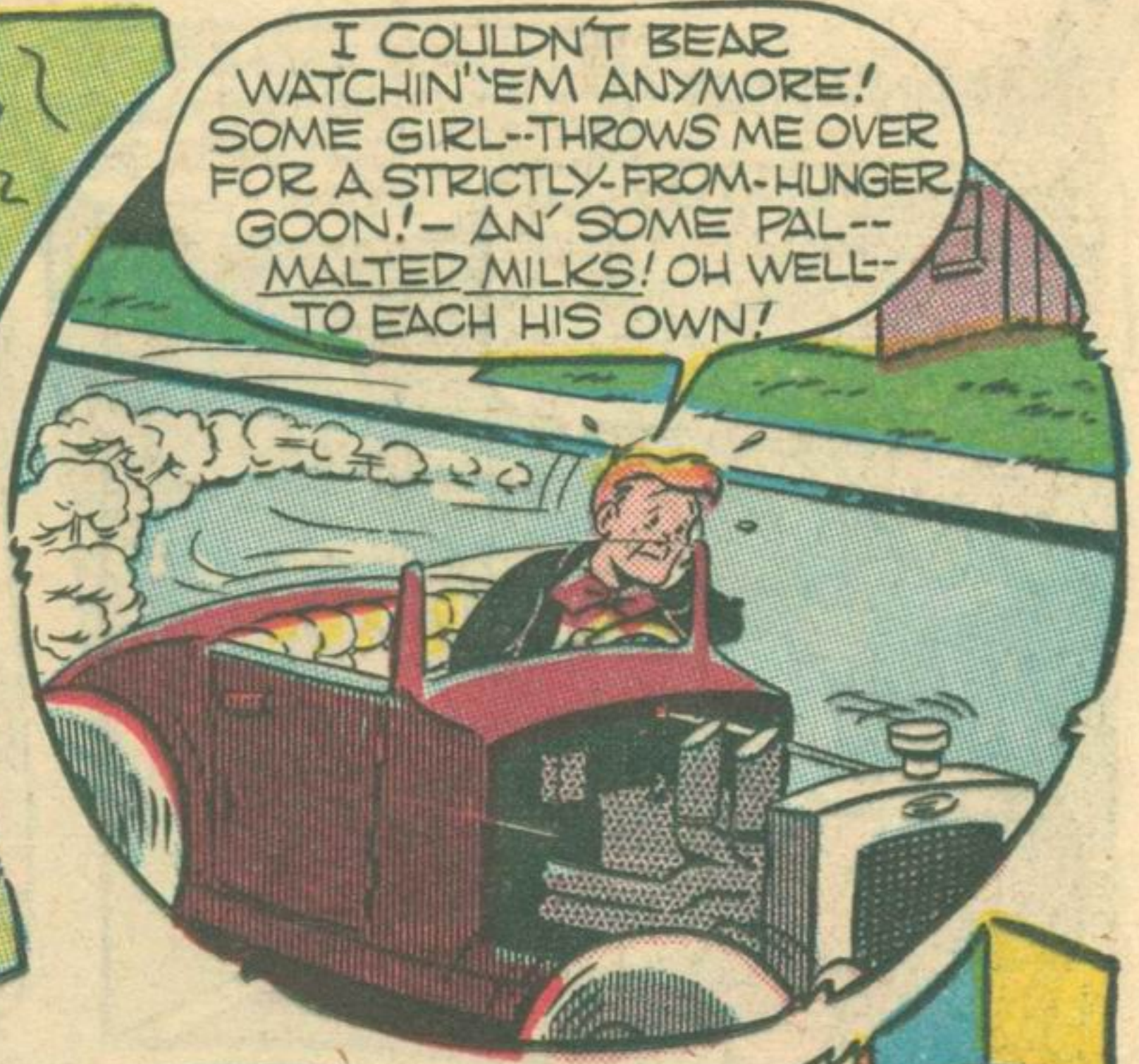
MALTED MILK!



HODDEYA LIKE THAT JACKSON CHARACTER--SELLIN' ME OUT FER A MALTED MILK--AN' SHAKIN' HANDS WITH THAT FOUR-EYED SQUARE! SOME PAL!



WOT CAN SHE SEE IN THAT ICKEY? HUHH--BY RIGHTS, I SHOULD BE IN THERE! JUDY'S MY CHICK--AN' ONE OF THOSE MALTS SHOULD BE MINE, TOO! LOOK AT 'EM--LAFFIN' ON THE INSIDE WHILE I'M CRYIN' ON THE OUTSIDE!



MEANWHILE--

JACKSON! WHY DO YOU KEEP LOOKING OUT THAT WINDOW? YOU'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR THE PAST HOUR!

I WUZ WONDERIN' ABOUT NATCH! MAYBE I OUGHTA GO OR SLUMP'N---

COME ON, LET'S DANCE! MAYBE HE ISN'T COMING! STOP LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW EVERY TWO SECONDS!



ANY MORE MALTED MILK, JUDY? I GOT A THIRST JAG ON!

NONE LEFT--BUT WE CAN RUN DOWN TO THE SWEET TOOTH AND LOAD UP!

YEAH, GET YOUR COAT! MEET YA OUT IN FRONT!

NATCH! HEY, NATCH! WHERE ARE YA?--GOSH! I'LL BET HE GOT MAD AND WENT HOME!

WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE SWEET TOOTH, OSWALD--YOU'LL LOVE IT!

???



NOW YOU'LL SEE SOMETHING!

The SWEET TOOTH



NATCH!



SO THAT'S WHY
YOU DIDN'T COME
OVER TONIGHT!
YOU'VE GOT YOUR
SELF A NEW GIRL!
GOOD NIGHT!
OSWALD
WILL TAKE
ME HOME!

WELL, YOU GOT
YOURSELF A NEW
BOY FRIEND, DIDN'T
YOU? OSWALD
-- HUH!

SO! YOU TWO-
TIMER! YOU
TOLD ME YOU
DIDN'T HAVE
A GIRL! GOOD
NIGHT!

OSWALD! SOME NAME,
OSWALD! WELL, IF SHE
WANTS OSWALD FOR
HER NEW STEADY,
SHE CAN HAVE
HIM!

I GOT NEWS FOR
YA! OSWALD ISN'T
HER BOY-FRIEND!
OSWALD IS HER
COUSIN FROM
KANSAS!

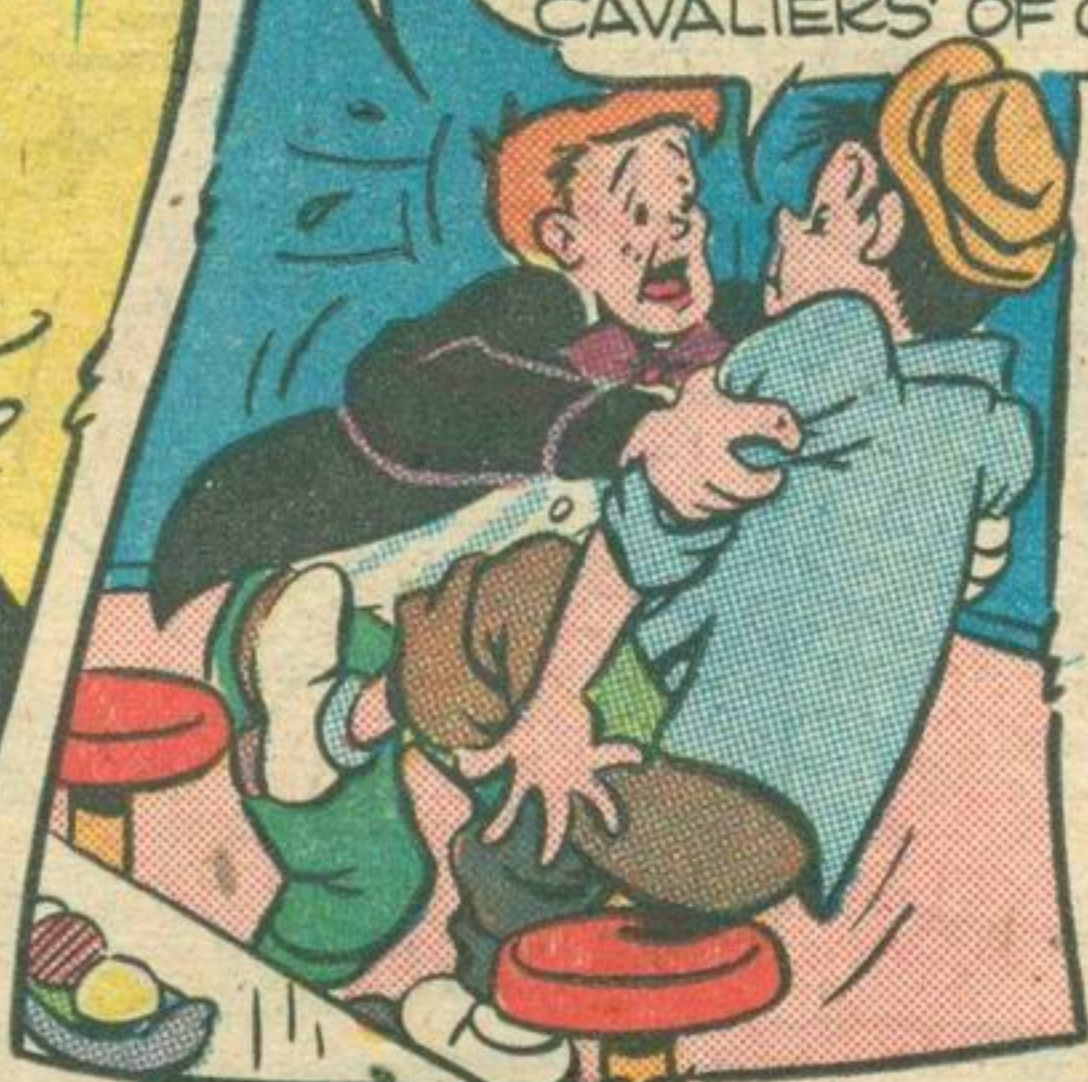
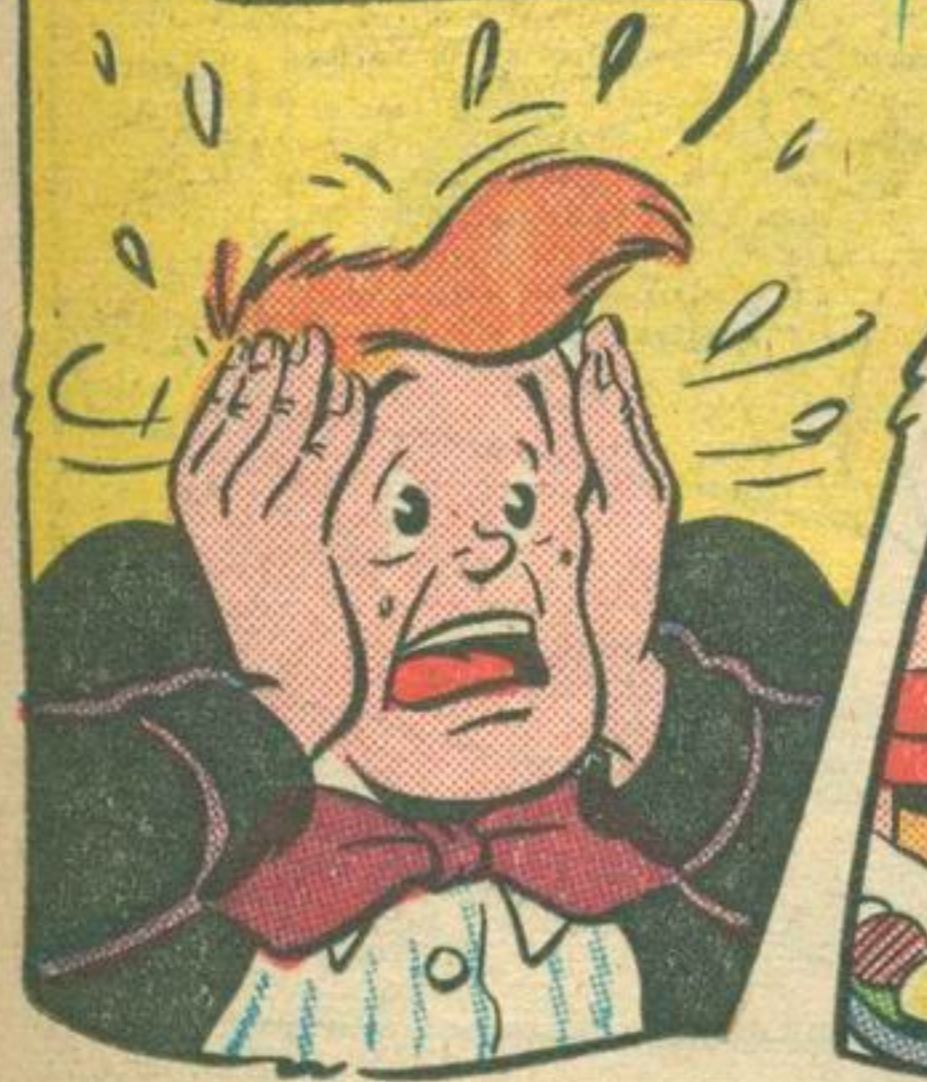


HER W-WOT?
OH-HHHH! WOT A SQUARE
I AM! WOT AN ICKEY!
I'VE LOST MY JUDY!

I GOTTA
WIN 'ER BACK,
JACKSON!
WOT'LL I
DO?

YA GOTTA ROMANCE HER,
NATCH-- BUT HEAVY!
YOU KNOW-- LIKE THE
CAVALIERS OF OLD!

THIS OUGHTA
DO IT--A SERENADE,
COMPLETE WITH
GEE-TAR! HERE
GOES!



JUDY, JUDY, UP ABOVE--
JUDY, YOU'RE MUH
ONLY LOVE---!
BE MUH SLICK CHICK,
SMOOTH AN' FAIR--
SEND A WORD
TA SHOW YOU
CARE!



GLUG!

SPLASH!



OH, NATCH KILROY, WAY
DOWN BELOW, ♪♪
WITH YOUR GEE-TAR, MOANIN' LOW-
JUDY'S ANSWER IS "NO, MA'AM!"
THE WORD SHE SENDS IS,
"LOVER, SCRAM!"



LATER

YESSIR, THE
KILROYS ARE A RED-
BLOODED CLAN, AN' I'M NOT
GIVIN' JUDY UP! TA PROVE
MY LOVE, I'LL MAKE TH'
SUPREME SACRIFICE--
AN' GIVE HER
MY JALOPY!



OH-OH!
GREATER
LOVE HATH
NO MAN!

MY DAUGHTER SAYS NO
--AND THAT'S FINAL! GET
GOING-- BEFORE I GIVE
YOU A TICKET FOR LITTER-
ING UP THE STREET WITH
THAT ATOMIC BOMB!

HMPH!

AW--
GEE--



MAYBE I'M BEING
MEAN- HE'S TRYING SO
HARD!- OH! THERE COMES
THAT GIRL I CAUGHT HIM
WITH! HE'LL PROBABLY
PLAY UP TO HER AGAIN,
AND-- I HATE HIM!



NOSSIR--I DON'T
WANNA MAKE UP!
I HAVE-- GULP!--
HAD MY OWN LI'L
HEARTBEAT, AN' YOU
SPELL NOTHIN' BUT
TROUBLE TO ME!

OH JEEPERS!
HE **REALLY**
LOVES ME!



OH,
NATCH!

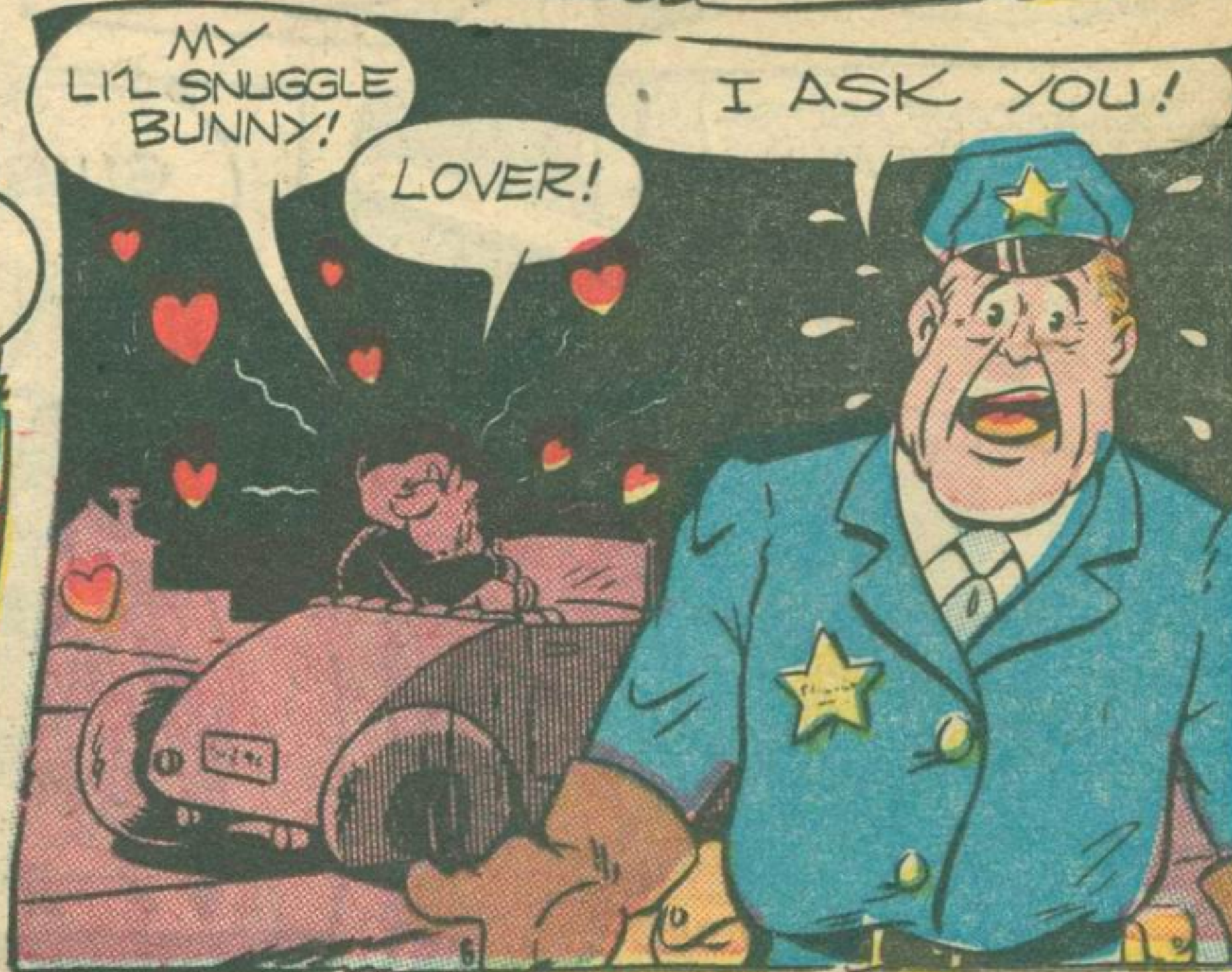
J-JUDY!



MY
LI'L SNUGGLE
BUNNY!

LOVER!

I ASK YOU!



The KILROYS

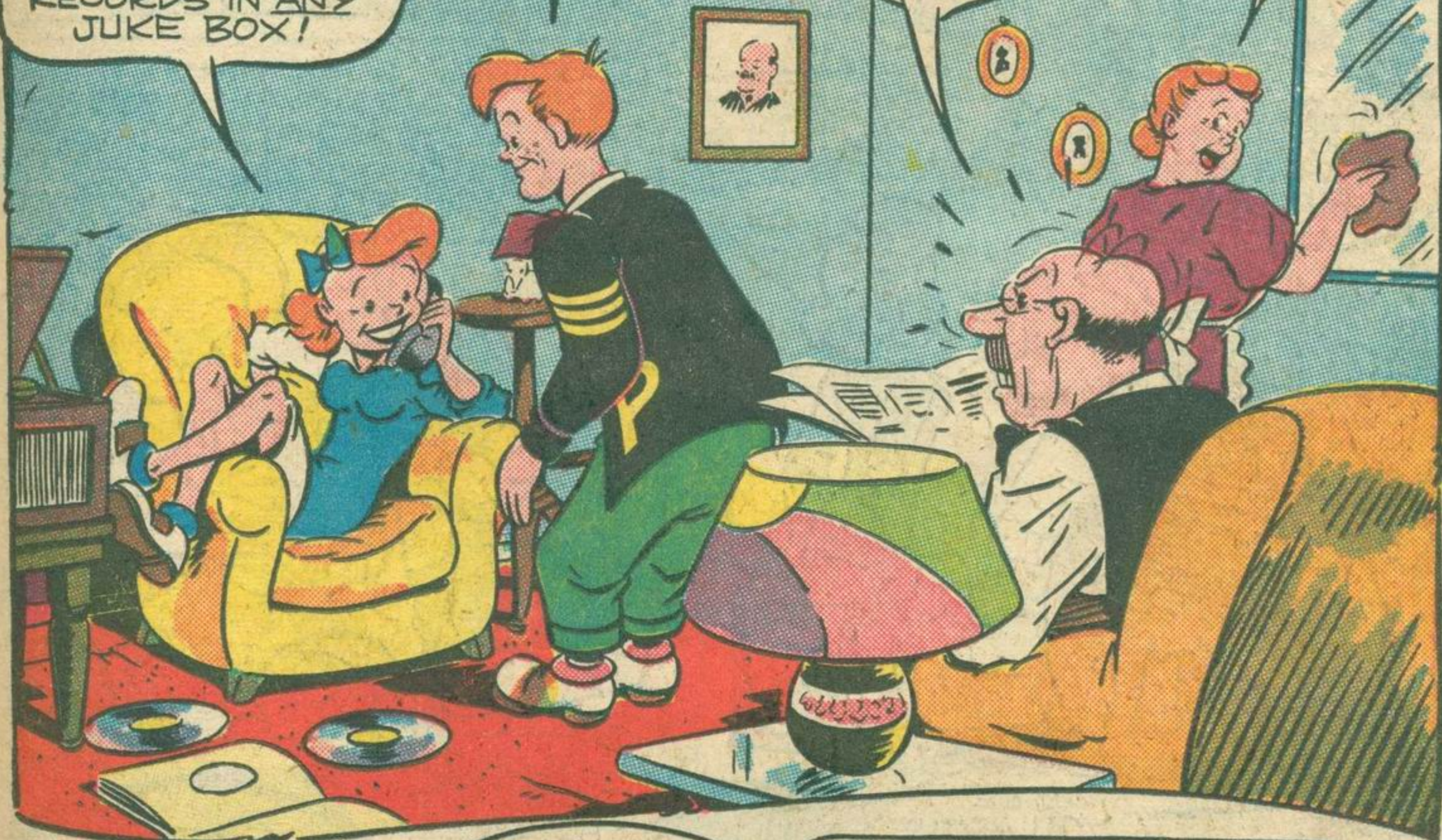
"OH, SWING..WHERE IS THY STING?"

YEAH, ALICE! I WAS THINKING WHAT SUCKERS WE ARE TO KEEP DROPPING NICKELS INTO JUKE BOXES! WE SPEND ENOUGH EVERY WEEK TO OWN ALL THE RECORDS IN ANY JUKE BOX!

YA CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, KATIE!

RECORDS! JUKE BOXES! THESE KIDS WILL DRIVE ME CRAZY!

J. EDGAR KILROY! REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE!



YA KNOW WHAT WE OUGHTA DO? ORGANIZE OUR OWN SWING CLUB! POOL OUR RECORDS, SEE- AND GET ALL THE SQUARES TOGETHER FOR A BIG SESSION!

THAT'S A DROOLY IDEA! HOLD ON-- I'LL ASK POP IF WE CAN PITCH THE FIRST SESH TONIGHT!

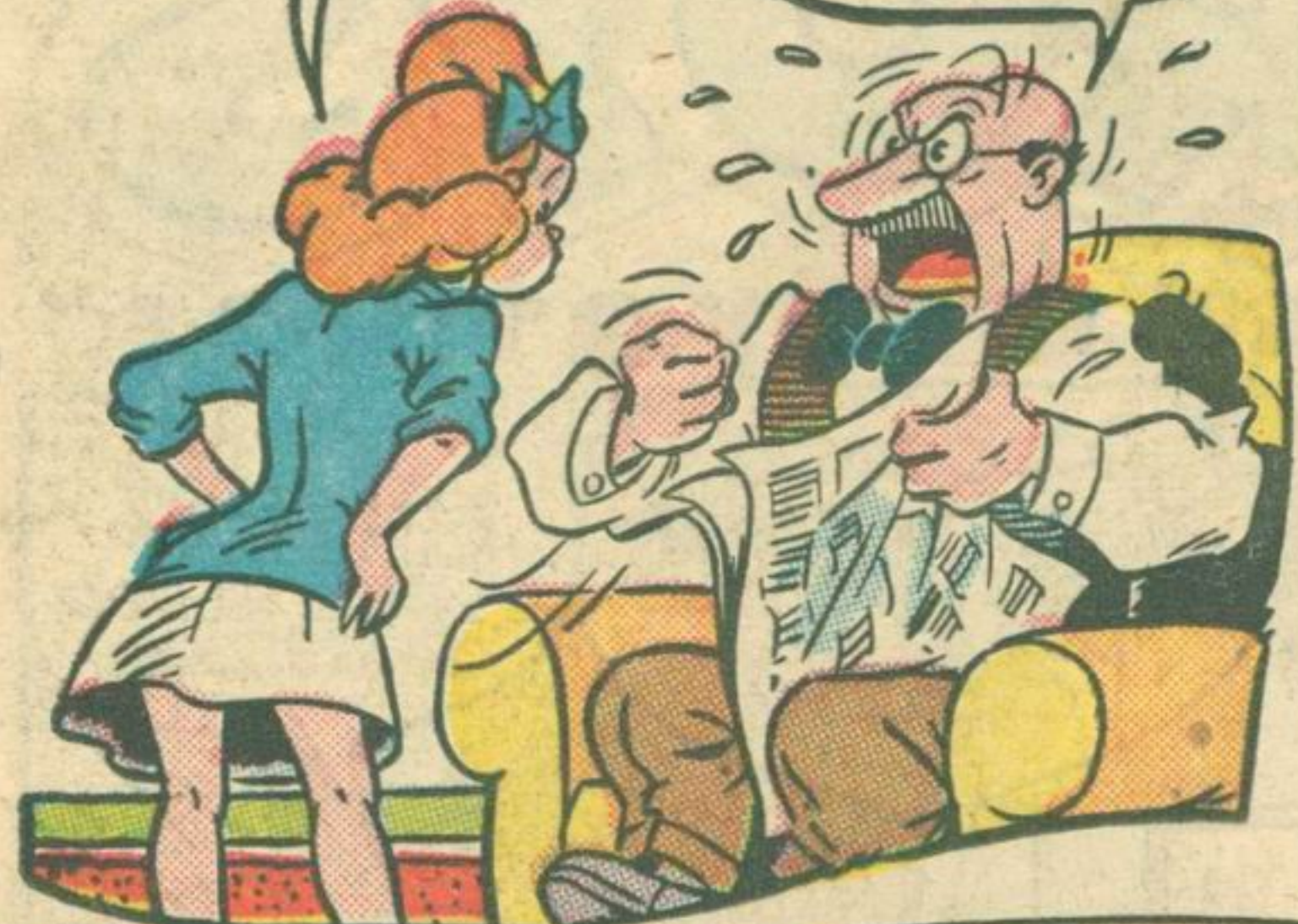
POP! COULD I GET YOUR SEAL OF APPROVAL ON A HOT WAX SESSION AT THE FIRESIDE OF YOURS DROOLY TONIGHT?

WHAT?

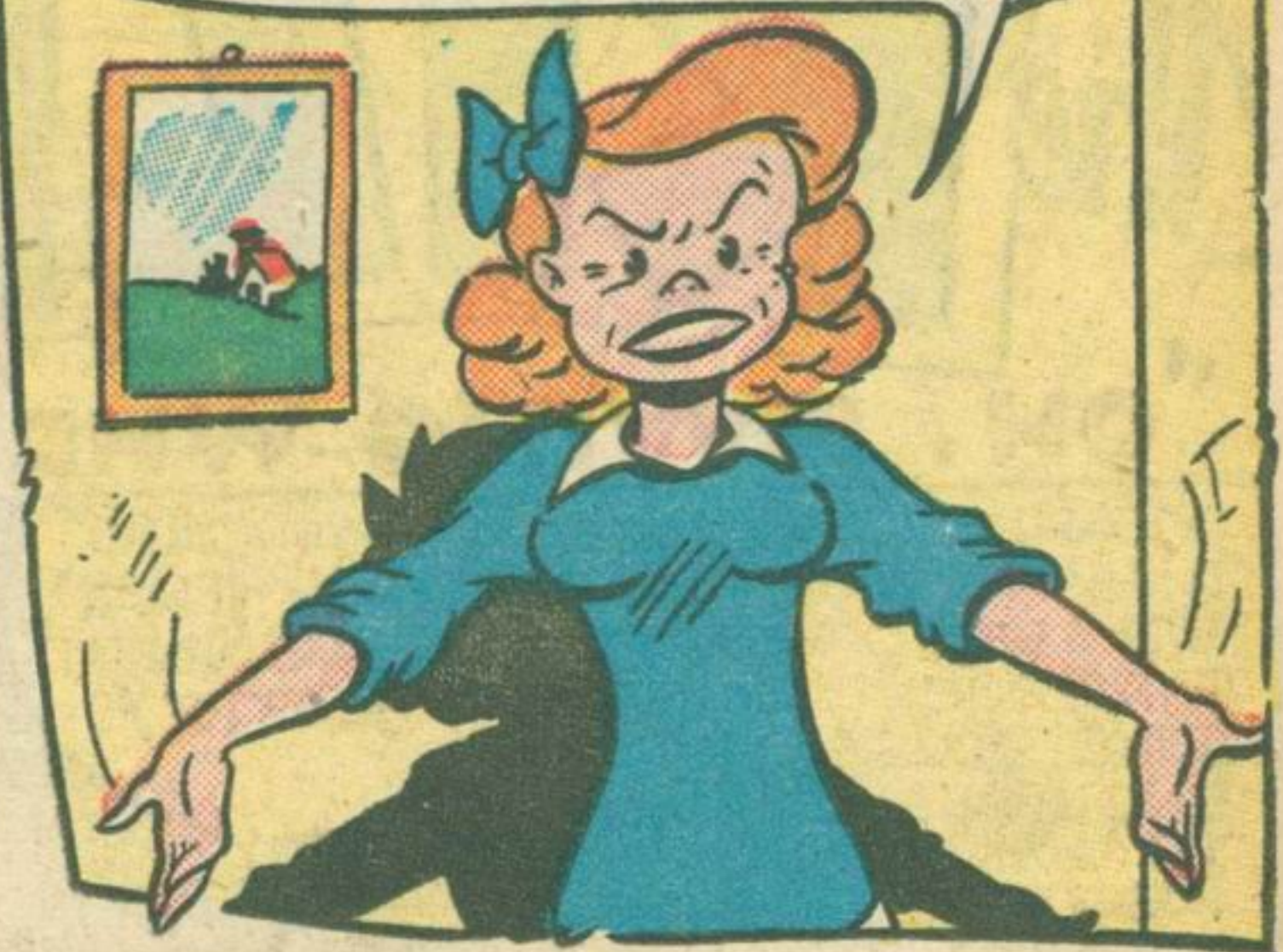


I SAID, COULD I GET YOUR SEAL OF APPROVAL ON A HOT WAX SES--

WILL YOU STOP THAT BLAMED JIVE TALK? IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY, SAY IT IN PLAIN ENGLISH!



ALL I WANTED TO KNOW WAS IF I COULD HAVE A FEW OF THE CHARACTERS OVER TONIGHT TO LISTEN TO SOME RECORDS!



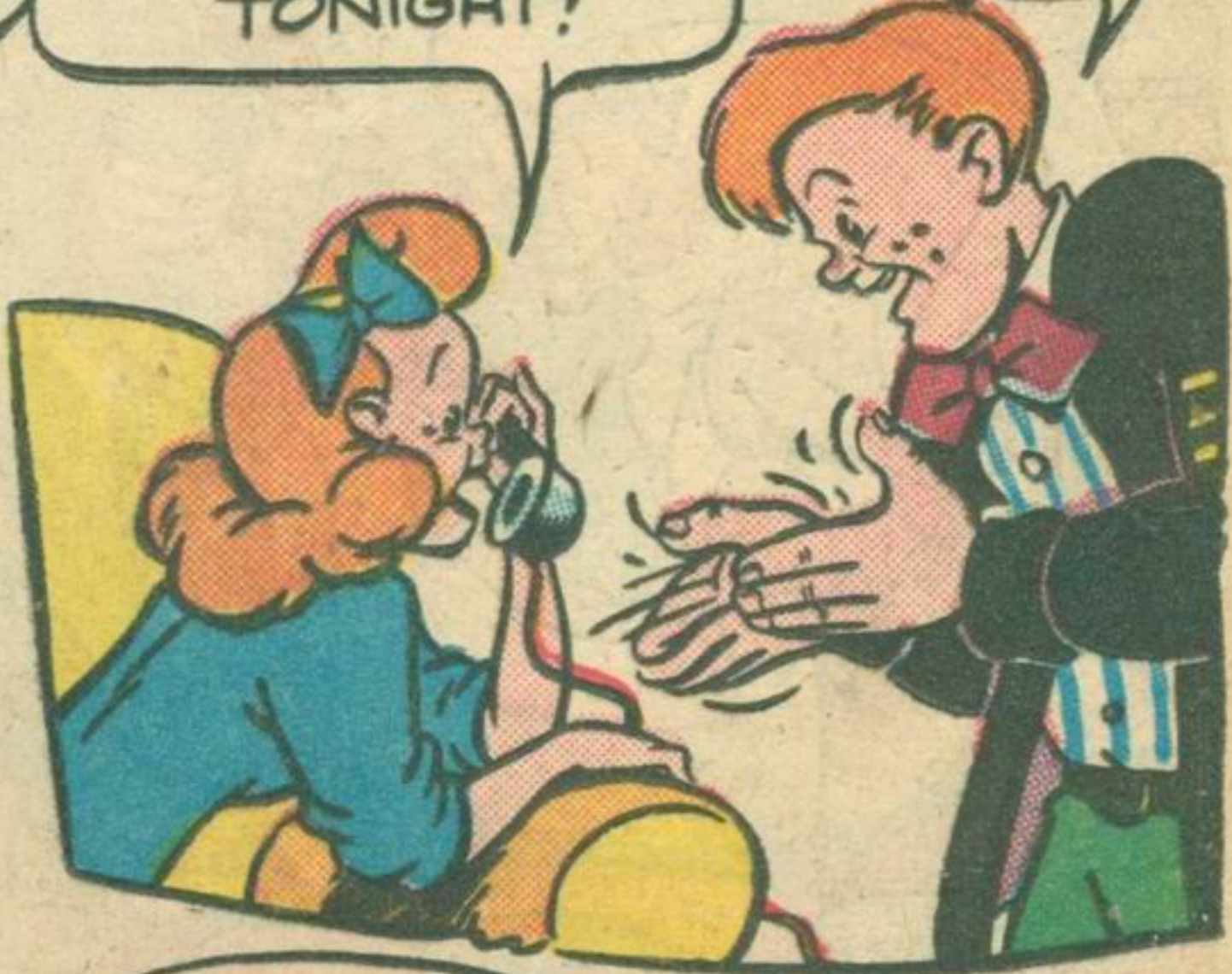
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE? IT'LL PROBABLY KILL ME, BUT-- GO AHEAD!

I DID SAY SO! YOU JUST DIDN'T DIG ME, THAT'S ALL!



OKAY, ALICE! SOUND THE ALARM! JAM SESSION AT THE KILROYS' TONIGHT!

HIGH, WIDE AN' HANDSOME, EH, KATIE?



SEE YOU AT THE KILROYS!

IF YA GOT ANY NEW PLATTERS, BRING 'EM OVER TA NATCH'S!

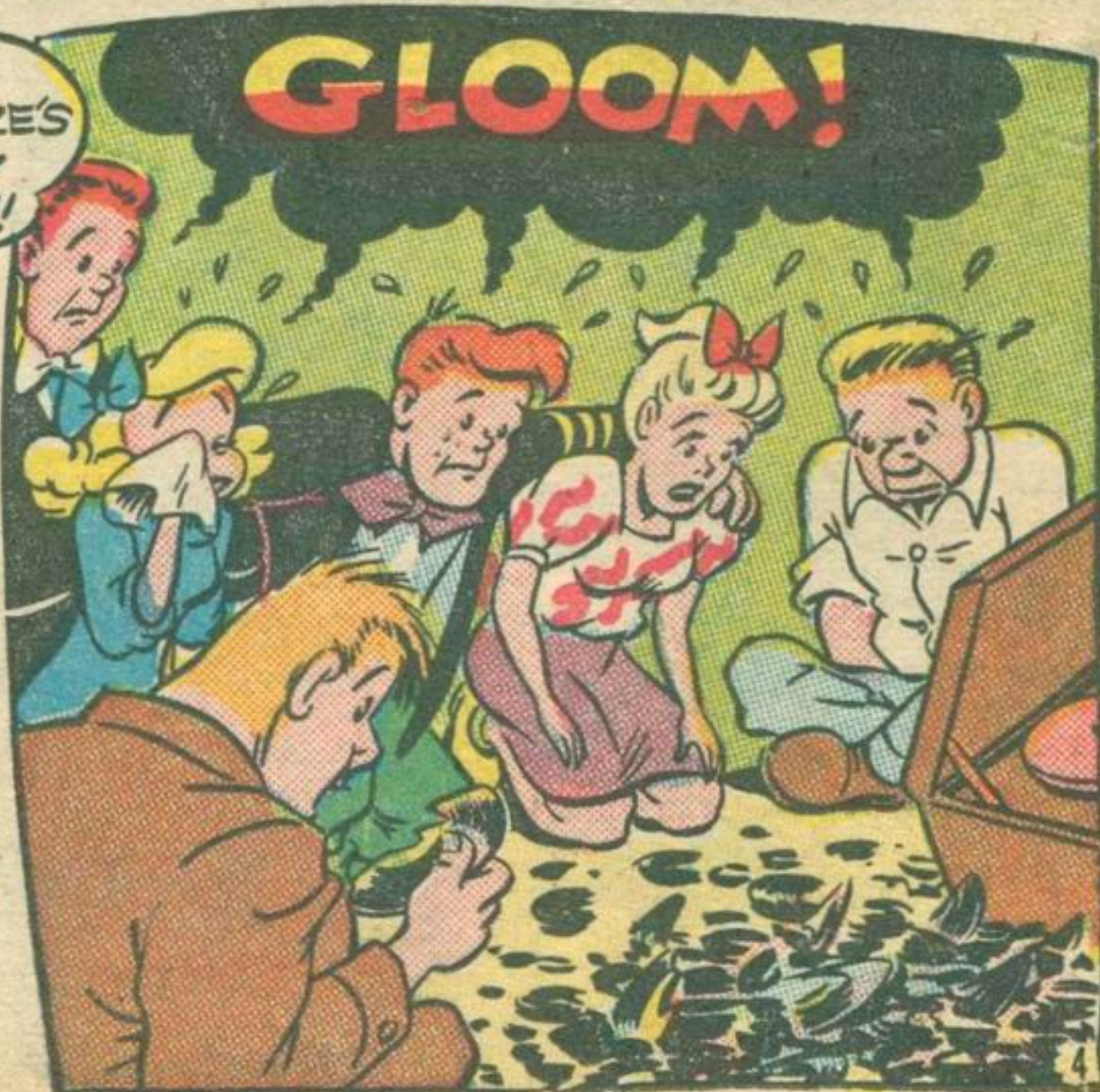
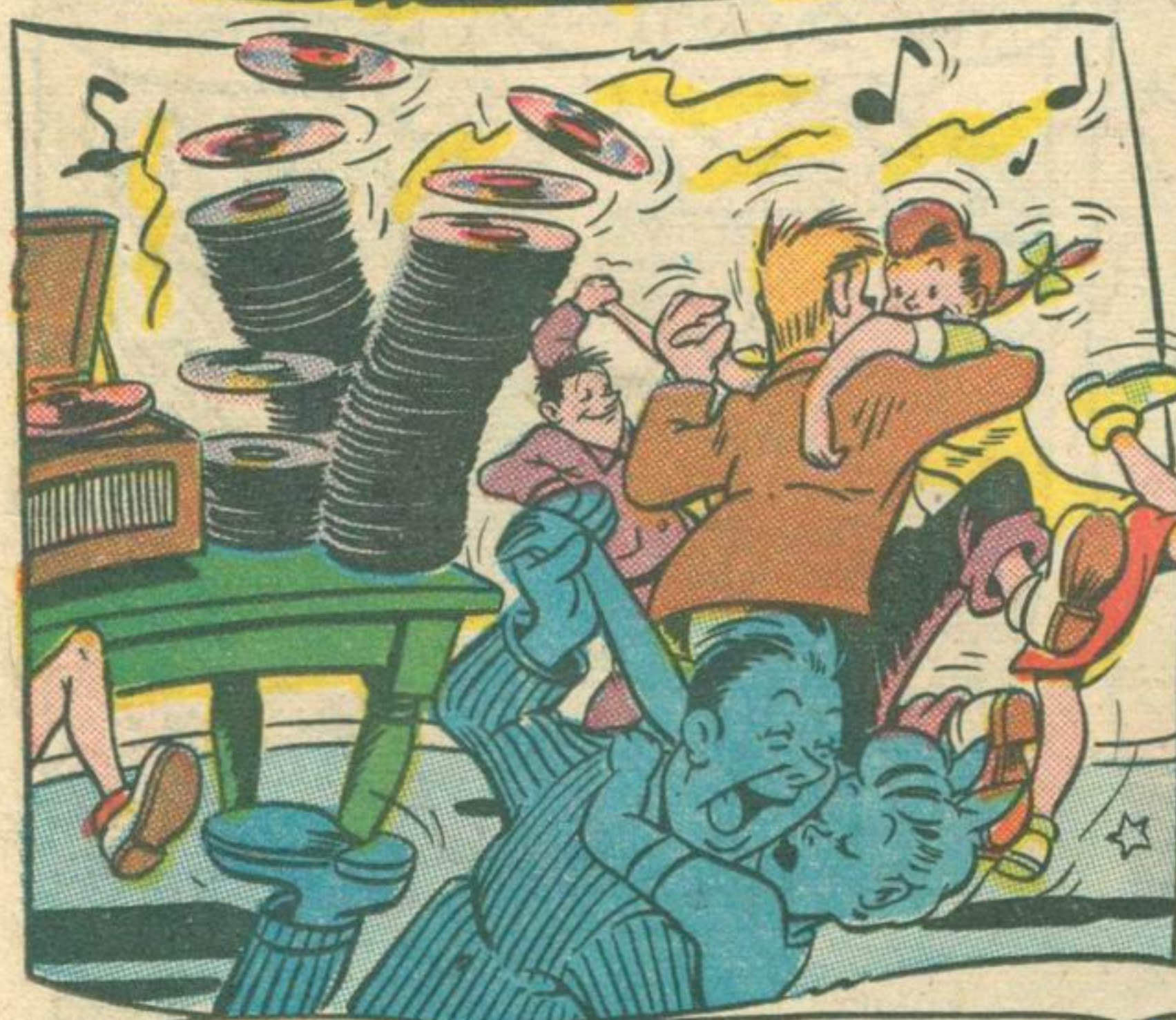
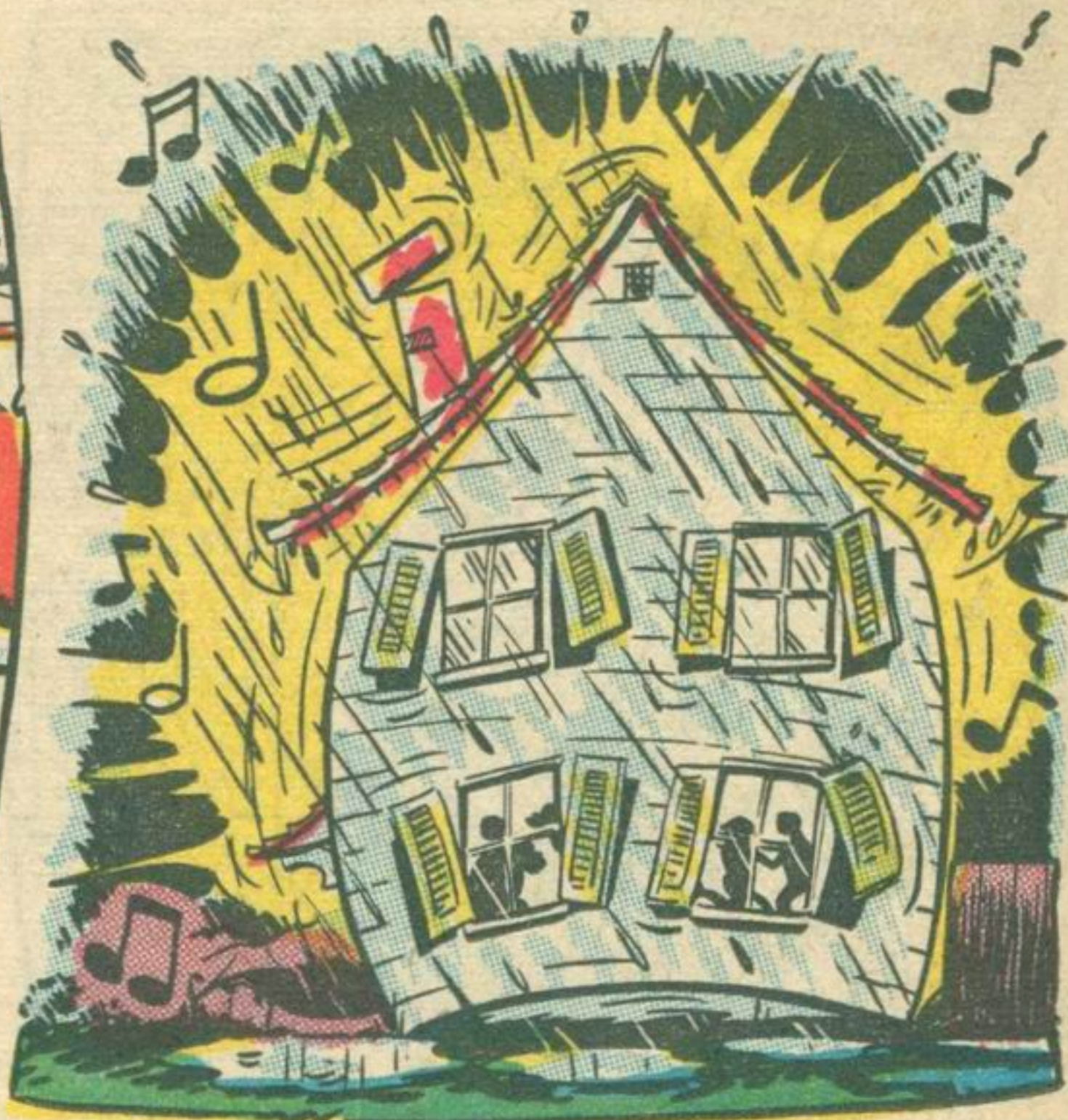
IT'S REET ON THE DOWNBEAT AT NATCH'S AN' KATIE'S!

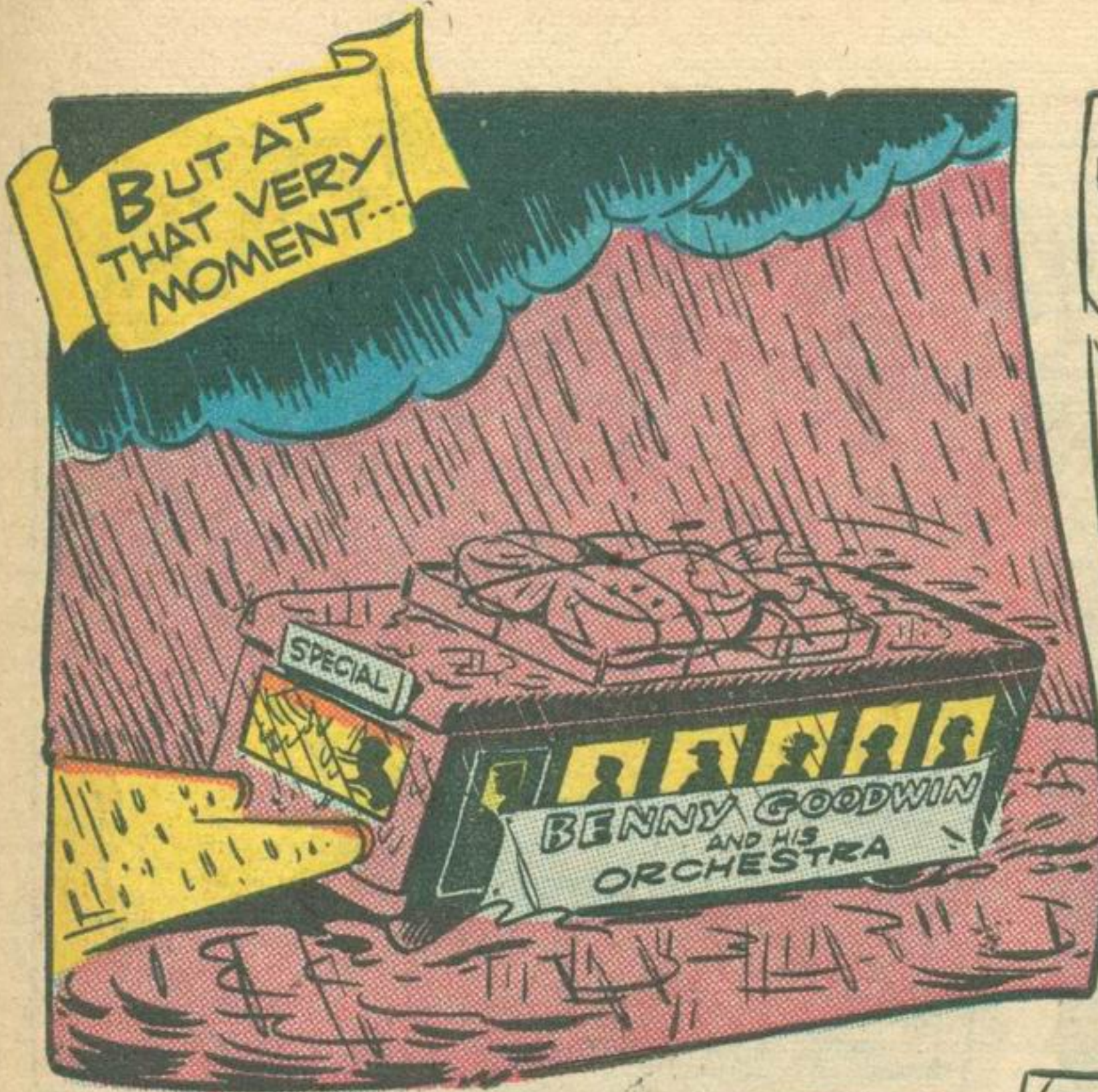
BRING YOUR NEW HOT CAKES!

IT'S AT TH' KILROYS! A JAM SESH!









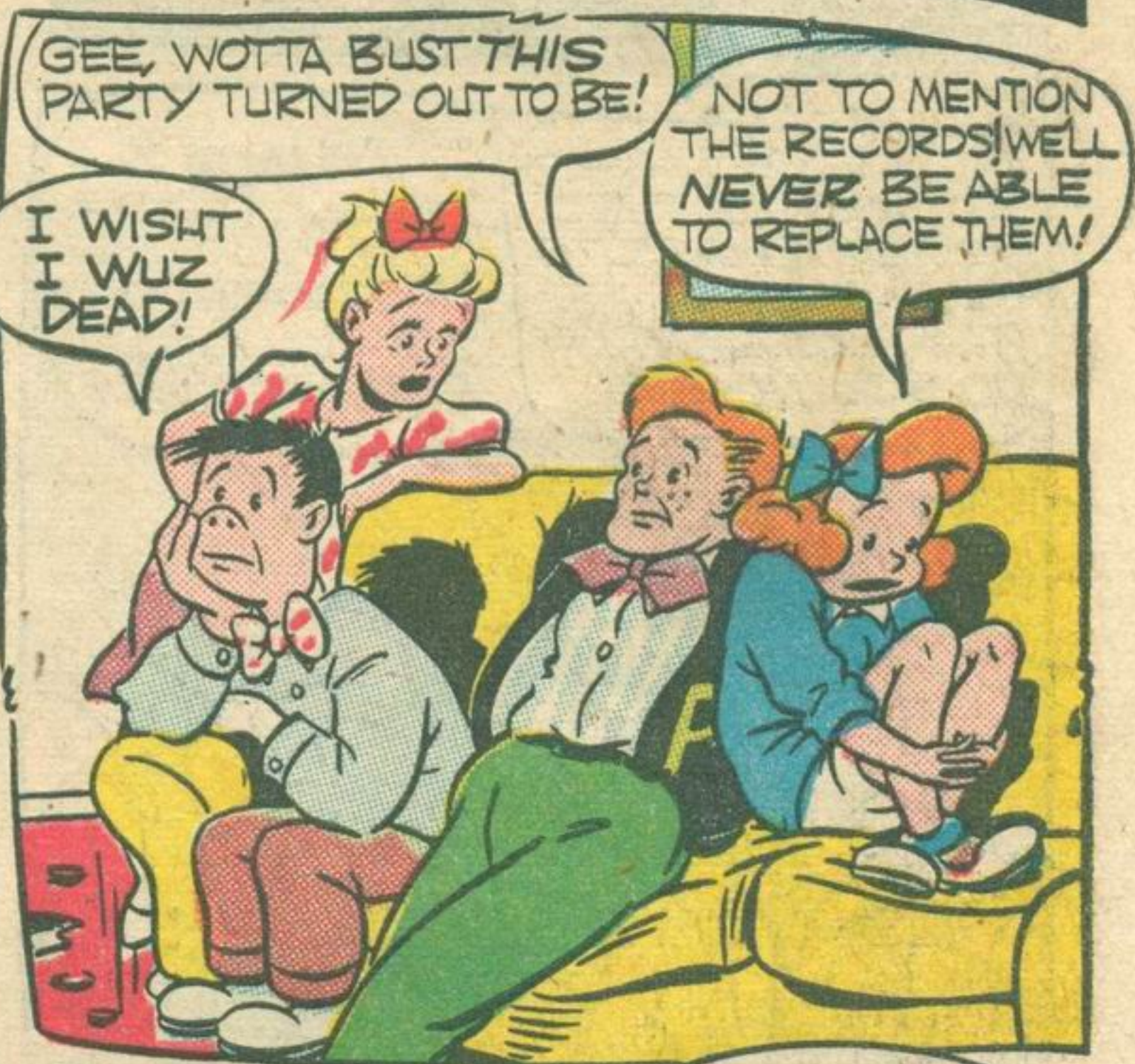
MR. GOODWIN, THIS RAIN'S TOO HEAVY FOR DRIVIN'! WE BETTER SIT IT OUT FOR A COUPLA HOURS!

PULL IN AT THE NEXT SERVICE STATION! MAYBE THEY'LL TELL US WHERE THERE'S A HOTEL!



THERE AIN'T NO HOTEL! AN' YER GONNA BE STUCK HERE FER A COUPLA HOURS TILL THEY REPAIR THE MAIN BRIDGE --- IT WASHED OUT!

HMM--IS THERE ANY HOSPITABLE HOUSE AROUND HERE WHERE MY MEN CAN RELAX WHILE THEY'RE WAITING?



GEE, WOTTA BUST THIS PARTY TURNED OUT TO BE!

I WISHT I WUZ DEAD!

NOT TO MENTION THE RECORDS! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO REPLACE THEM!



R-R-R-R-RING

GOLLY! I WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE?



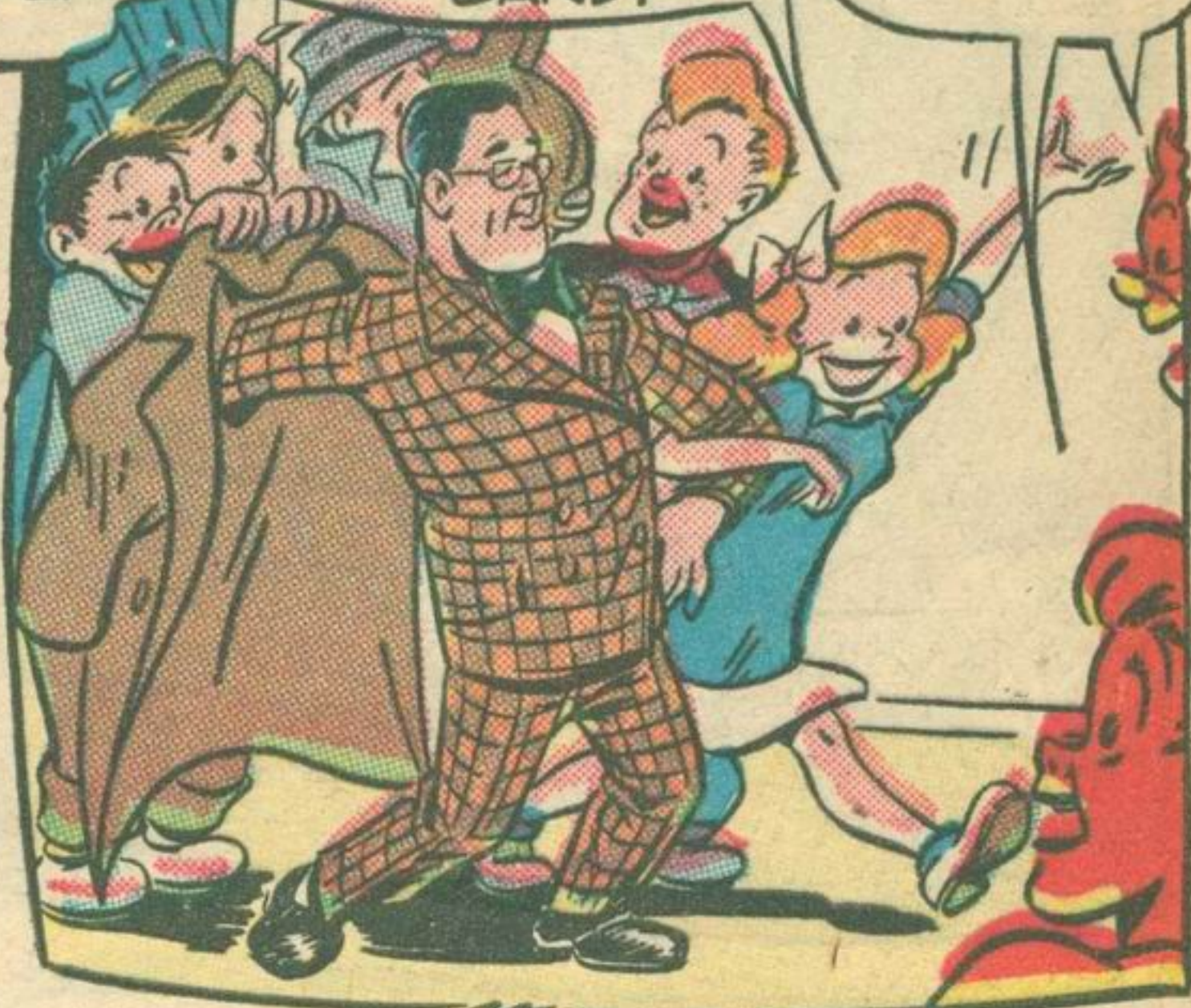
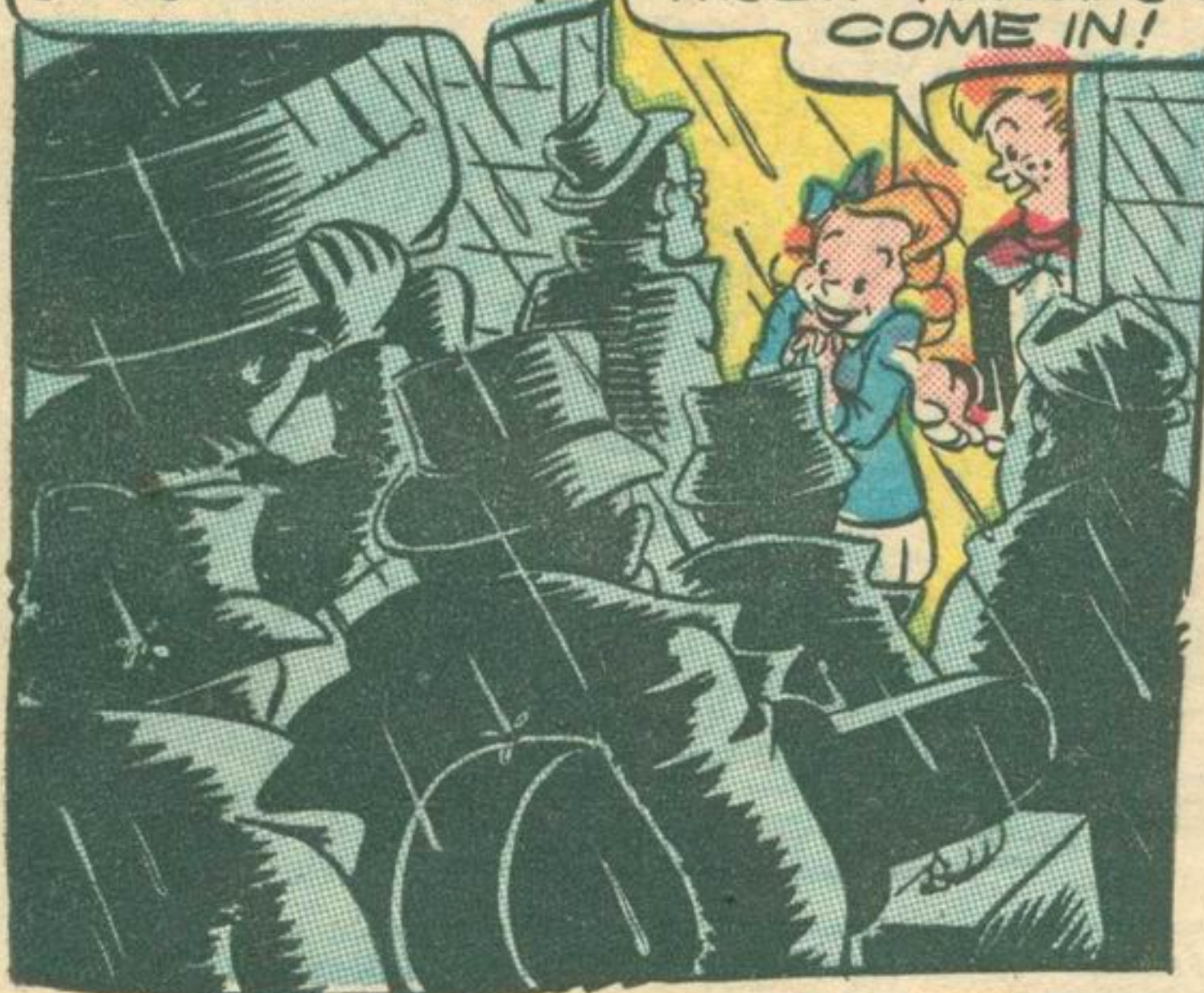
YOU!-- YOU'RE -- BENNY GOODWIN!

THAT'S RIGHT--I HAVE MY WHOLE BAND WITH ME! CAN WE COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN?

CAN YOU COME IN?
CAN YOU COME IN? DON'T JUST STAND THERE WITH MY MOUTH HANGING OPEN!
COME IN!

LOOK, KIDS!
BENNY GOODWIN HIMSELF--IN THE FLESH--AND HIS WHOLE BAND!

BENNY GOODWIN!

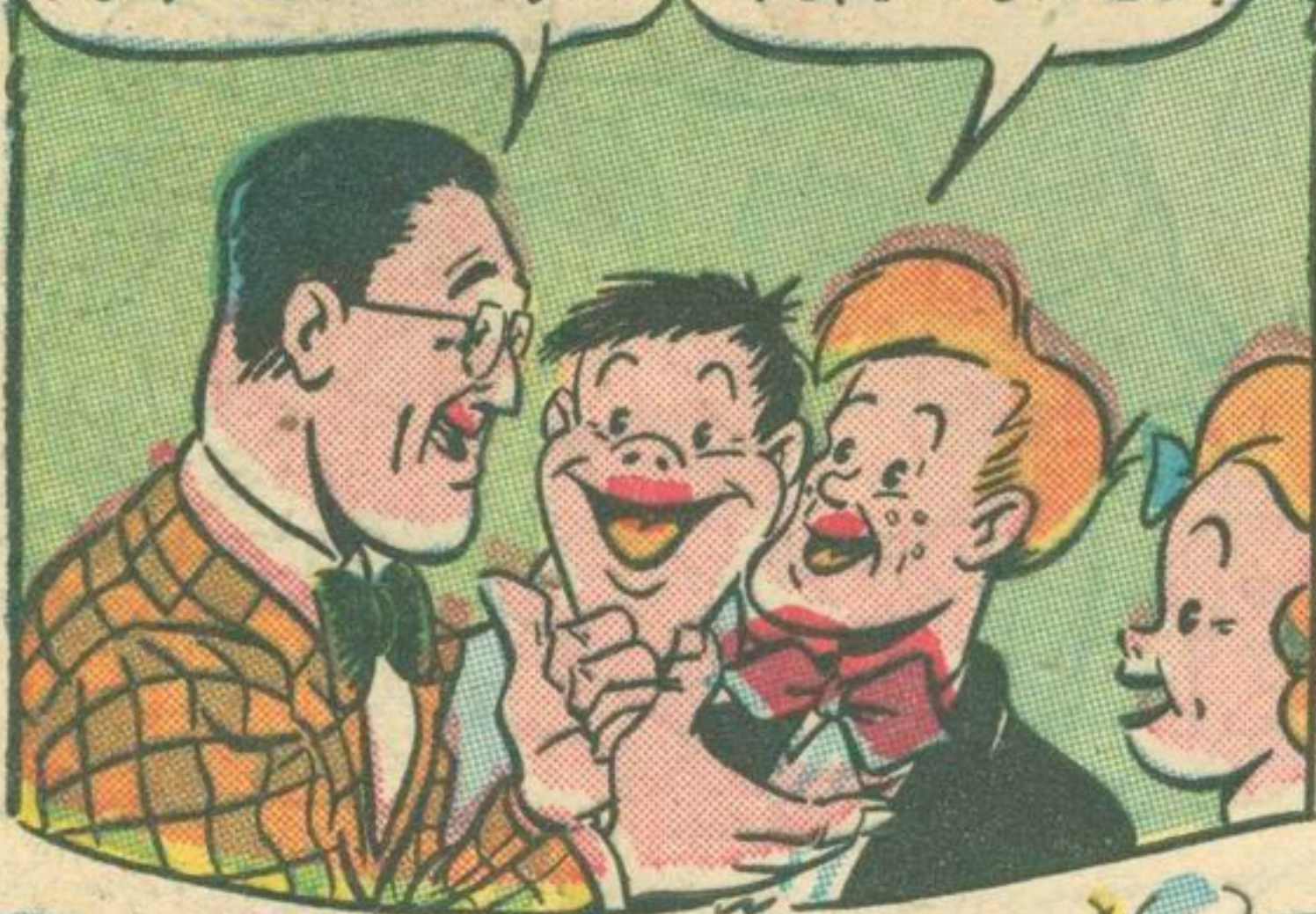


THE BRIDGE WASHED OUT, AND WE JUST WANTED A PLACE TO REST UP WHILE IT'S BEING REPAIRED! DO YOU MIND?

MIND?
I SHOULD SAY NOT! YOU CAN STAY FOREVER!
ER-- WILL YA PLAY FOR US?

WELL--WE'D LIKE TO, BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS! THE UNION, YOU KNOW! PETRILLO'D NEVER STAND FOR FREE MUSIC!

OH, WE HAVE THE MONEY! WE WERE HAVING A PARTY ANYWAY, BUT ALL OUR RECORDS GOT SMASHED! SO GIVE OUT, GOODWIN--WE'LL BE HAPPY TO PAY YOU THE USUAL RATE!





OH, MY!

THAT SETTLES IT!
WHEN A MAN'S HOME
IS INVADED---



THEY'LL
BE NEEDING
A DOCTOR
WHEN I--
HEY!

STOP! ONE STEP
NEARER THAT MUSIC.
J. EDGAR KILROY, AND
YOU'LL BE THE ONE
WHO NEEDS A
DOCTOR!

WHILE
BELOW--

GUESS THAT JUST
ABOUT ENDS THE SESSION,
MEN -- 2½ HOURS! THAT
BRIDGE SHOULD BE
FIXED BY NOW!



DID YA KEEP
TRACK OF THINGS,
KATIE?

RIGHT, NATCH!
HE PLAYED
23 NUMBERS
FOR US!

THANKS OODLES, MR.
GOODWIN--IT WAS SO
NICE OF YOU AND YOUR
MEN TO PLAY FOR US! AND

HERE'S YOUR
MONEY--
ONE DOLLAR
AND FIFTEEN
CENTS!

ONE-DOLLAR-AND-
FIFTEEN-CENTS!
THAT--THAT'S NOT
OUR USUAL RATE!



BUT THAT'S OUR
USUAL RATE! FIVE
CENTS IS ALL WE
PAY FOR EACH OF
YOUR TUNES ON
A JUKE BOX--WHICH
MAKES \$1.15
CORRECT!

OH-H-H-H-H-H!



THE END

Katie AND THE

MAN-BAIT

KATIE KILROY was thoroughly disgusted! As she sat curled up in the corner armchair, listening to her brother Natch and his chum Jackson give out, she could scarcely stand it.

"The big goop!" she stormed inwardly, throwing Jackson a cold, cold look. "He doesn't even know I'm *here*! I might as well be just another stick of furniture, the goop! Listen to him, deciding which girl to take to the fair! He's been coming around here for ages, and he still hasn't noticed that *I* live here too! Well, I'll show him!"

Unnoticed, Katie slid from the armchair and out of the room, heading straight for her dressing table and its secret compartment. "Before long, he'll be throwing wolf-calls my way," she murmured, unlocking the glamour box.

Katie worked carefully for a whole hour. First came the heavy foundation cream, then the dark face powder, closely followed by rouge and a lipstick so intense, it seemed almost black. Then came the false eyelashes, long and silky and so thick they almost hid Katie's eyes. And finally, the upsweep hairdo, bolstered with a rat of false hair Katie had once bought in the five-and-dime!

Throwing a last look into the mirror, Katie

was satisfied. "Start palpitatin', Jackson," she said, "'cause *here I come!*"

Pausing in the living room doorway for dramatic effect, Katie eyed her brother and Jackson purposefully. Then she said, in the dreamiest voice she could muster, "Hellooo!"

Natch and Jackson turned toward the doorway.

"No! It *can't* be!" Natch said.

"You mean it *shouldn't* be!" Jackson corrected him. And then, to Katie's humiliation and horror, Jackson began to *laugh!*

"Oh, brother!" he gasped, doubling up on the floor. "Katie Kilroy! Little Katie Kilroy! This is the *funniest* thing I've seen in months!"

Katie's eyes filled with tears and she turned to run out of the room. She couldn't see very clearly, because the tears kept welling up and spilling over and welling up again. She couldn't hear very well either, because she was sniffing so hard.

That was why she walked spang into the wettest shower bath she had ever had! The automatic hose or the lawn swiveled around towards Katie and she was dunked harder than a doughnut!

"Ooooh!" she wailed. "This is too much! This is the end!"

"Hold it, Katie," Jackson said, hauling her out of hose range. "Here, use my handkerchief!"

False lashes, rouge, lipstick and powder came off on Jackson's handkerchief in huge gobs. Katie's hair came down in little strings, but she was too miserable to care. All she wanted to do was to get up to her room and hide!

But Jackson held her arm firmly and looked down into her streaky face. "You're beginnin' to look much better now," he said gently. "Here, let me!" And he washed the rest of the makeup from Katie's tearstained face.

"Y'know somethin', Katie?" Jackson asked, as he escorted her back to the house.

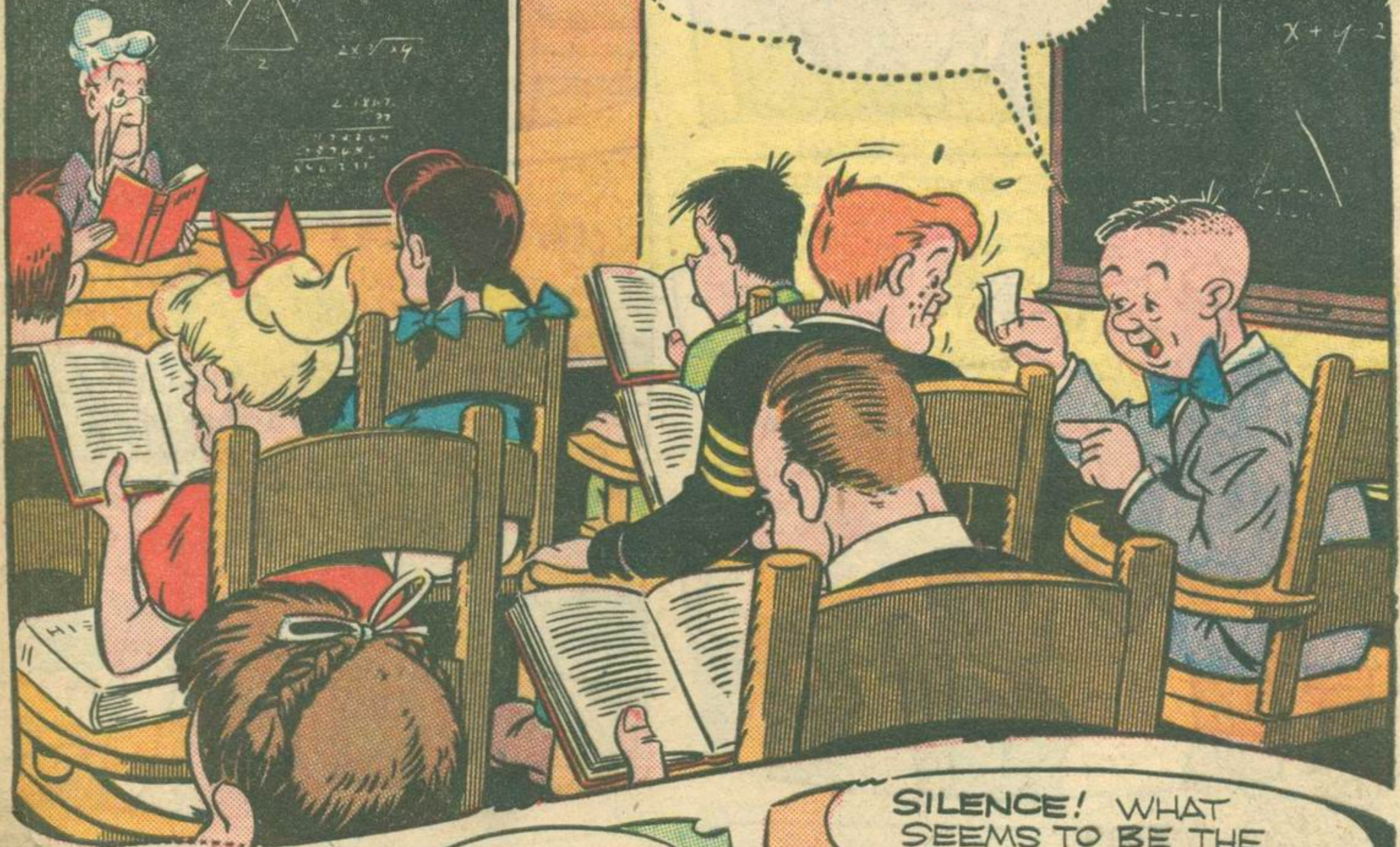
"W . . . what?" Katie sobbed.

"You're not bad-lookin' . . . now that I can see the *real* you! Ya wouldn't wanta go ta the fair with me, would ya?"

"Would I!" Katie smiled, flicking a false eyelash from her nose. "Oh, would I!"



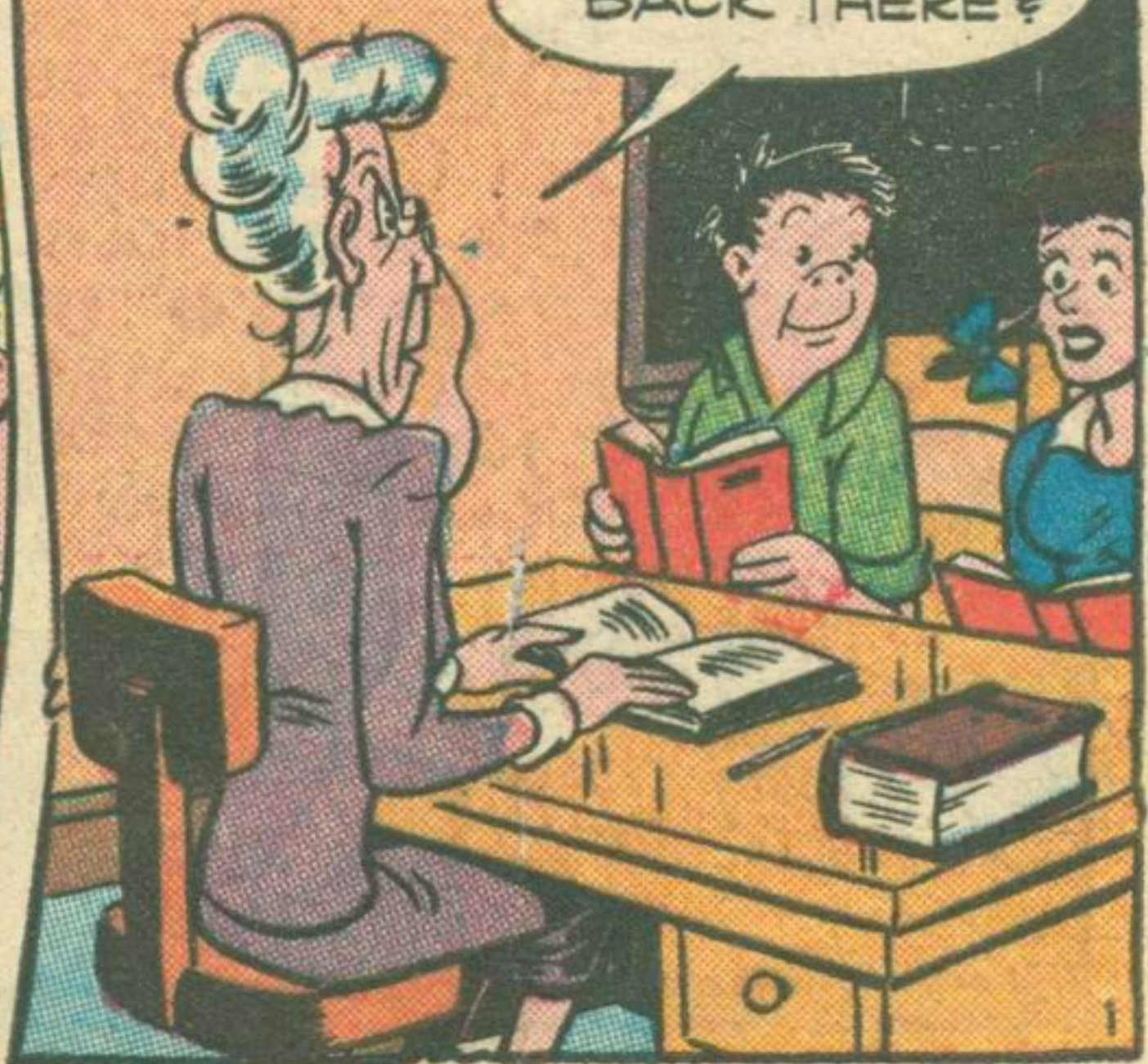
"Natch" in "FATAL FOOTPRINTS"

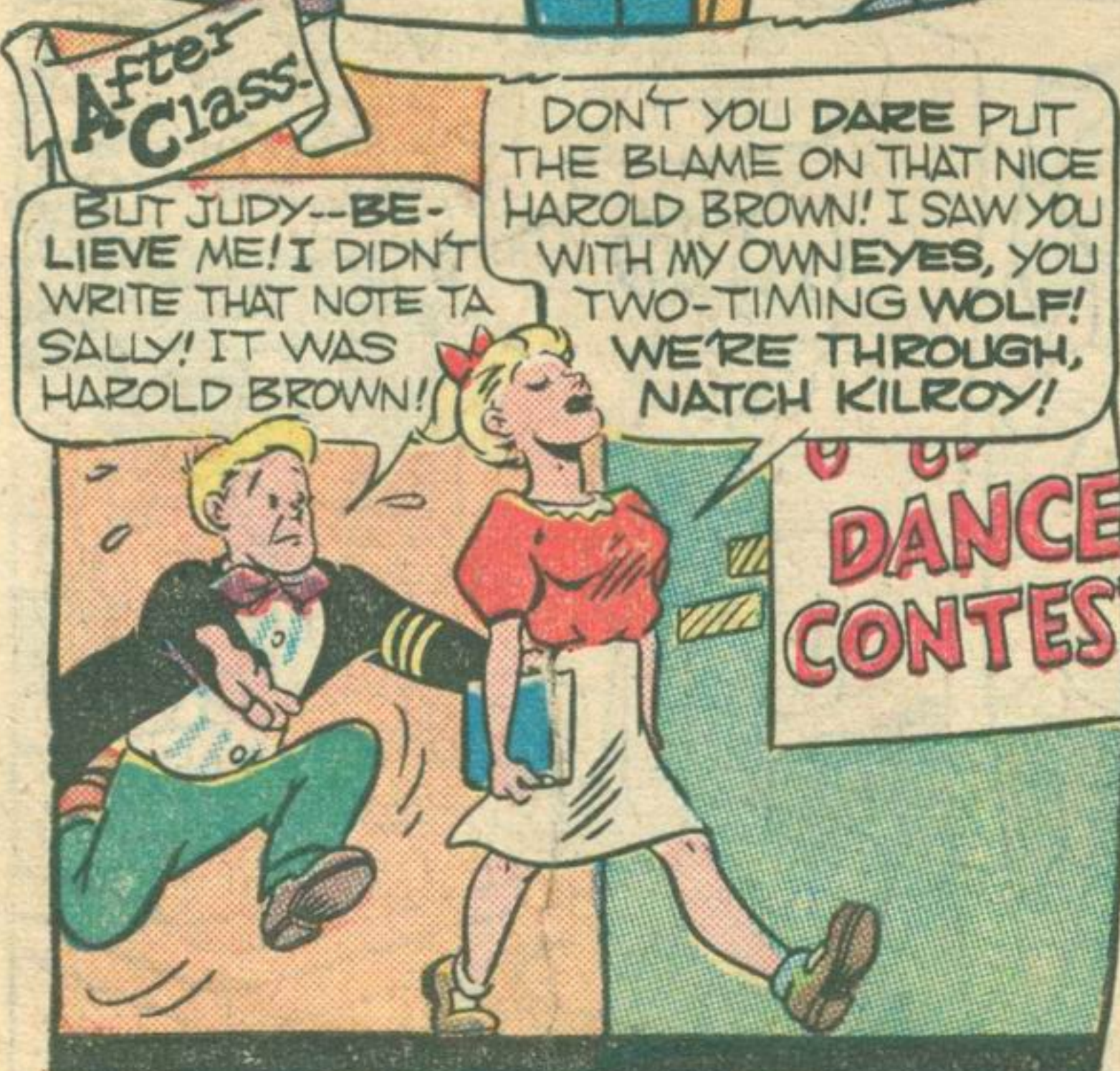
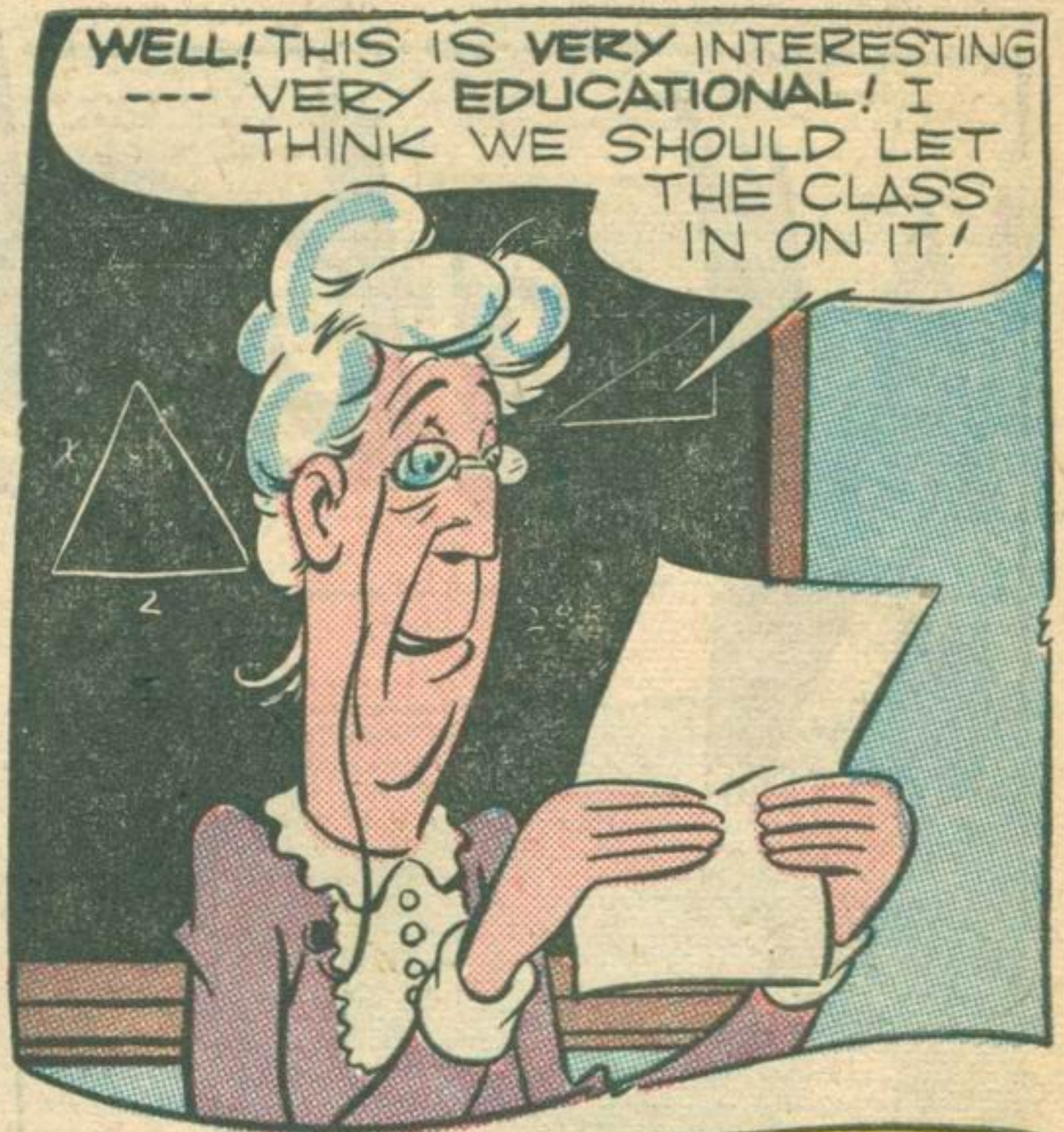


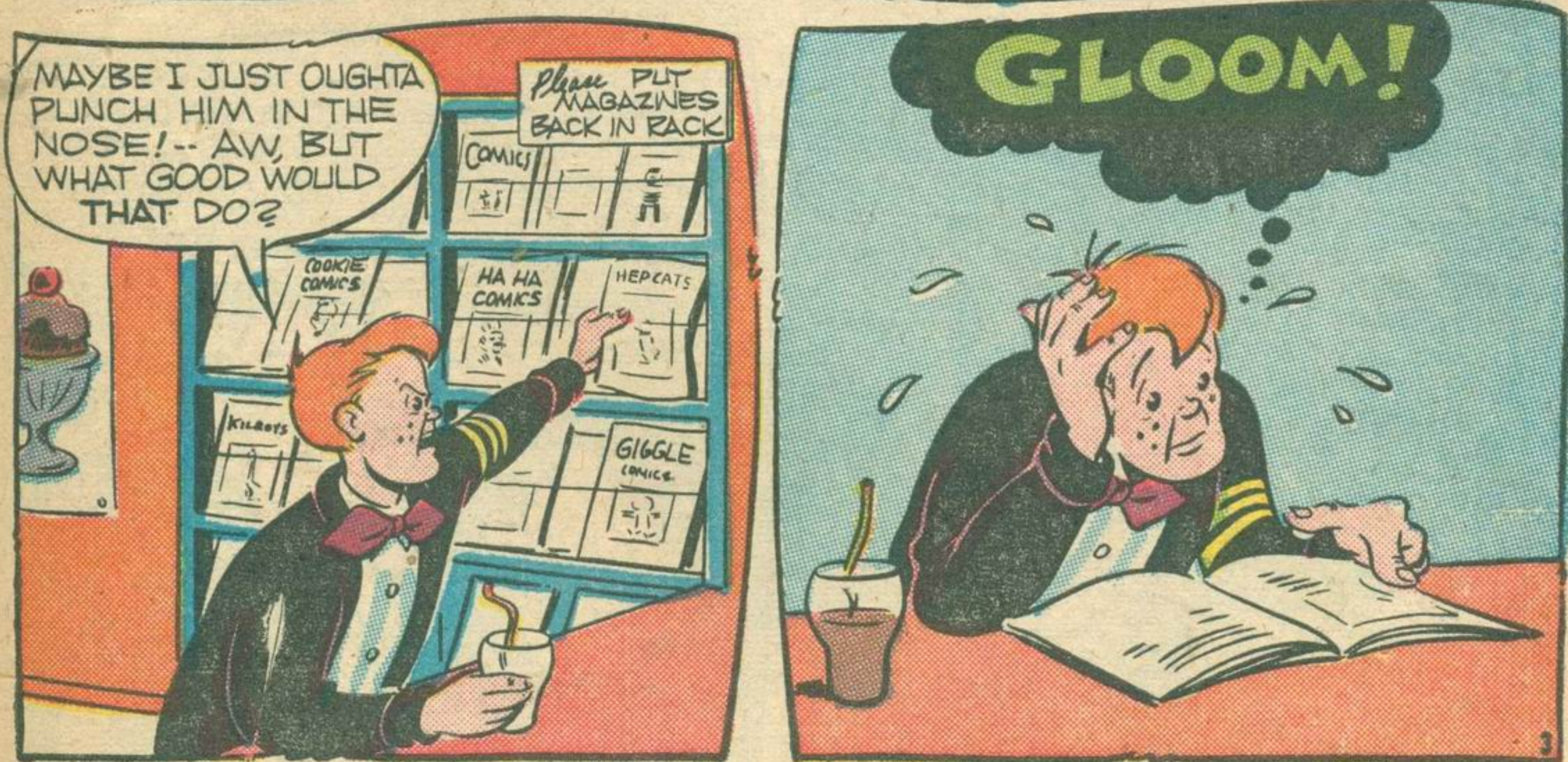
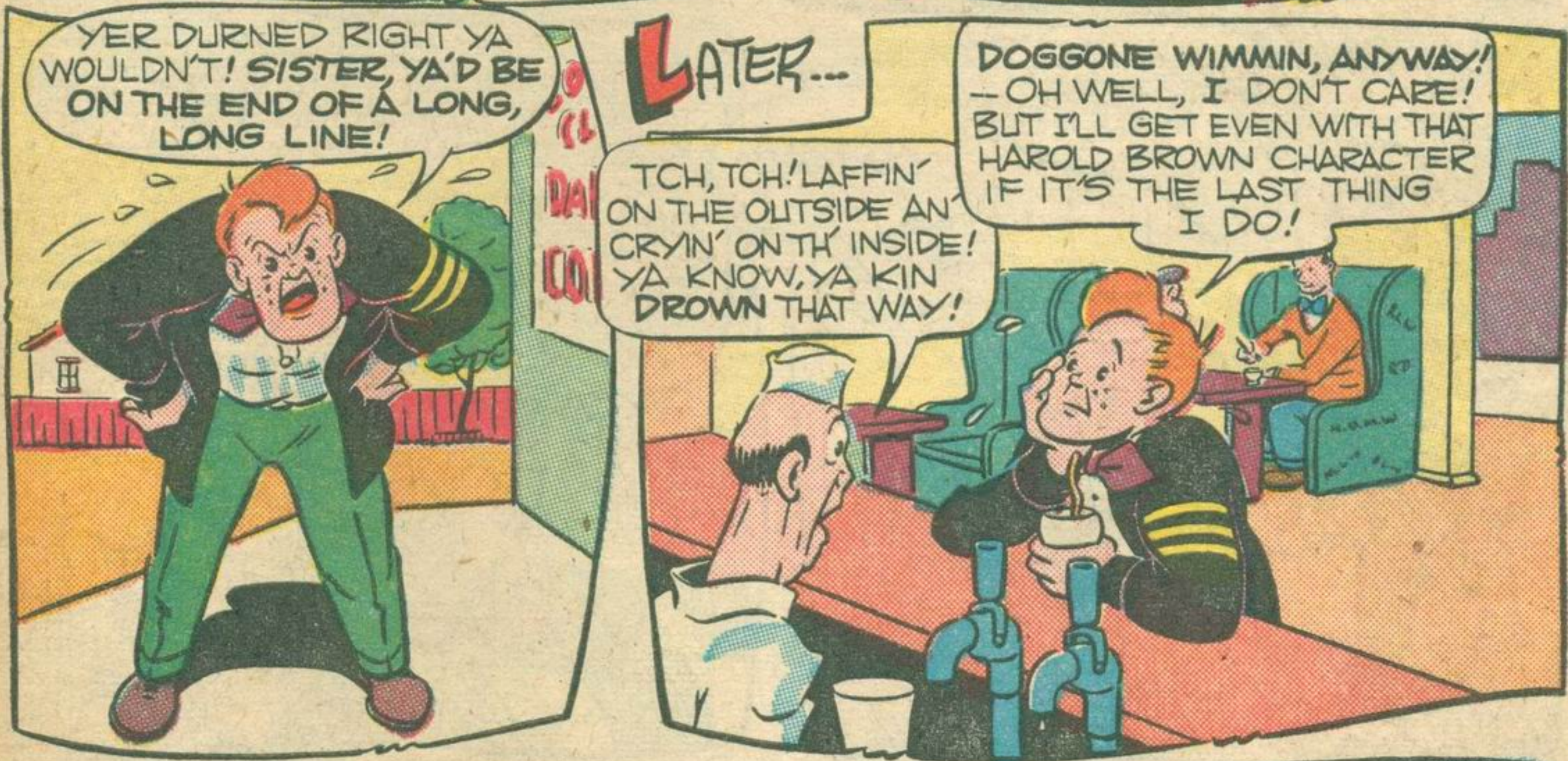
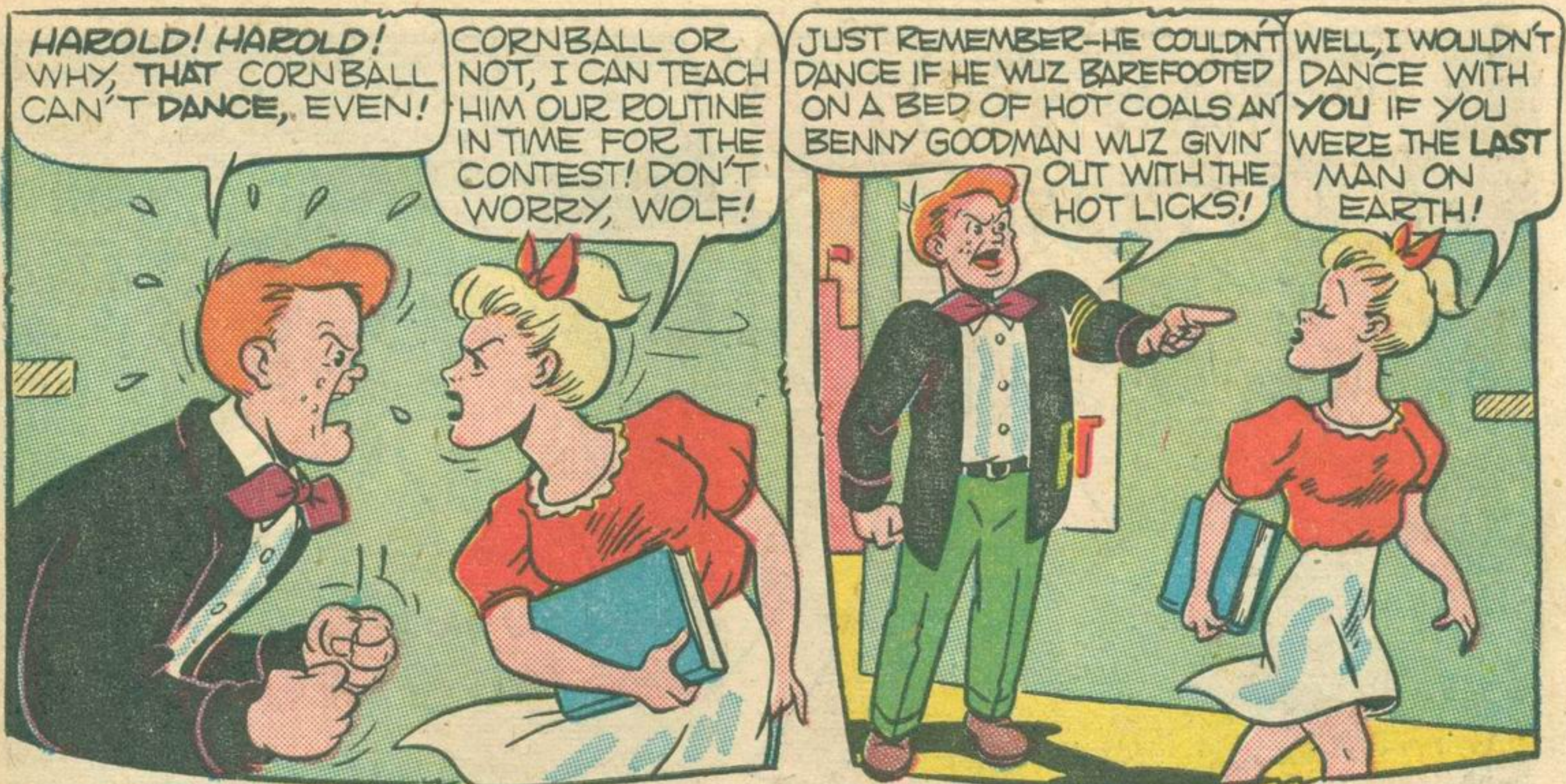
PSST! PSST!
SALLY!

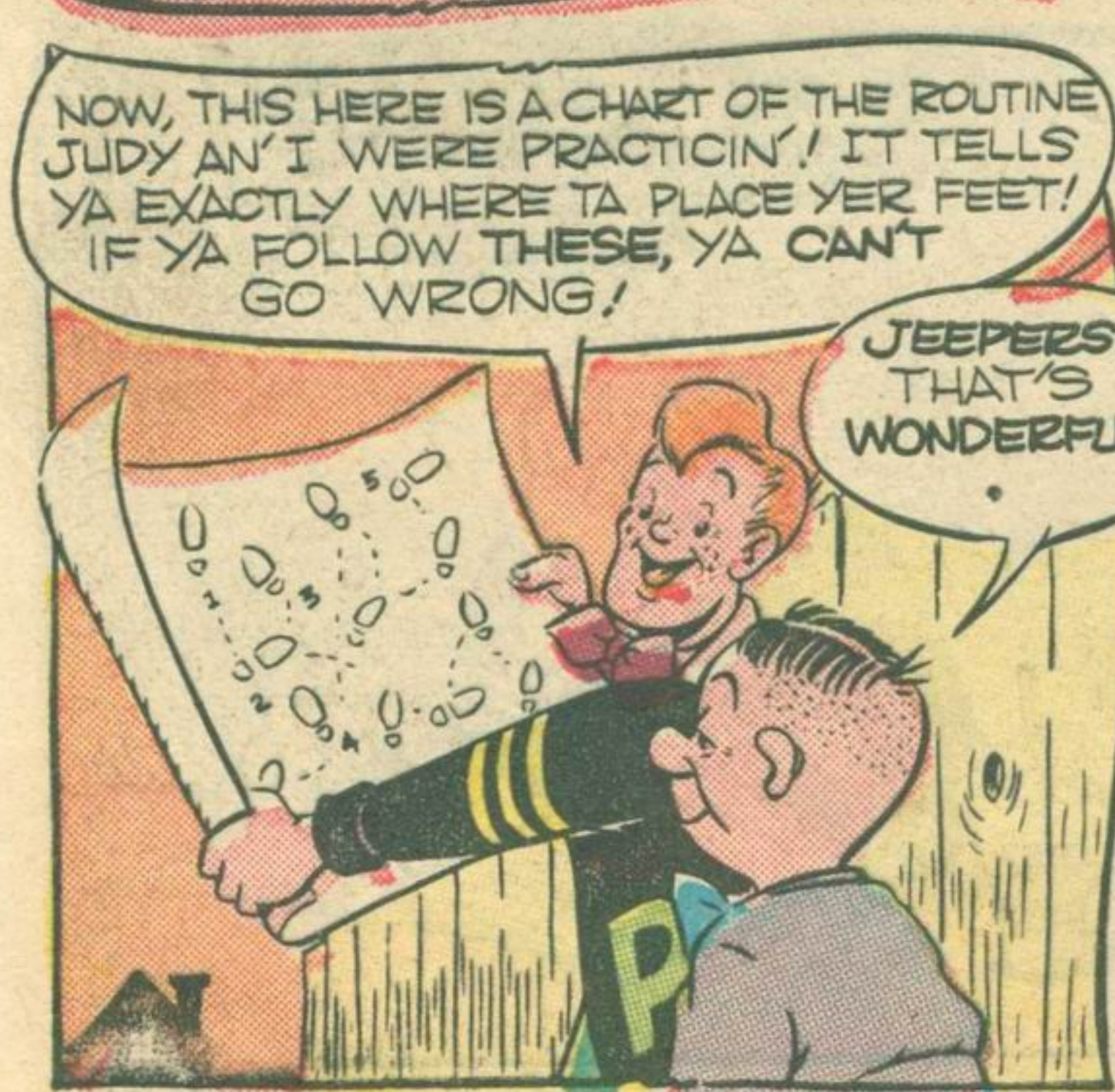
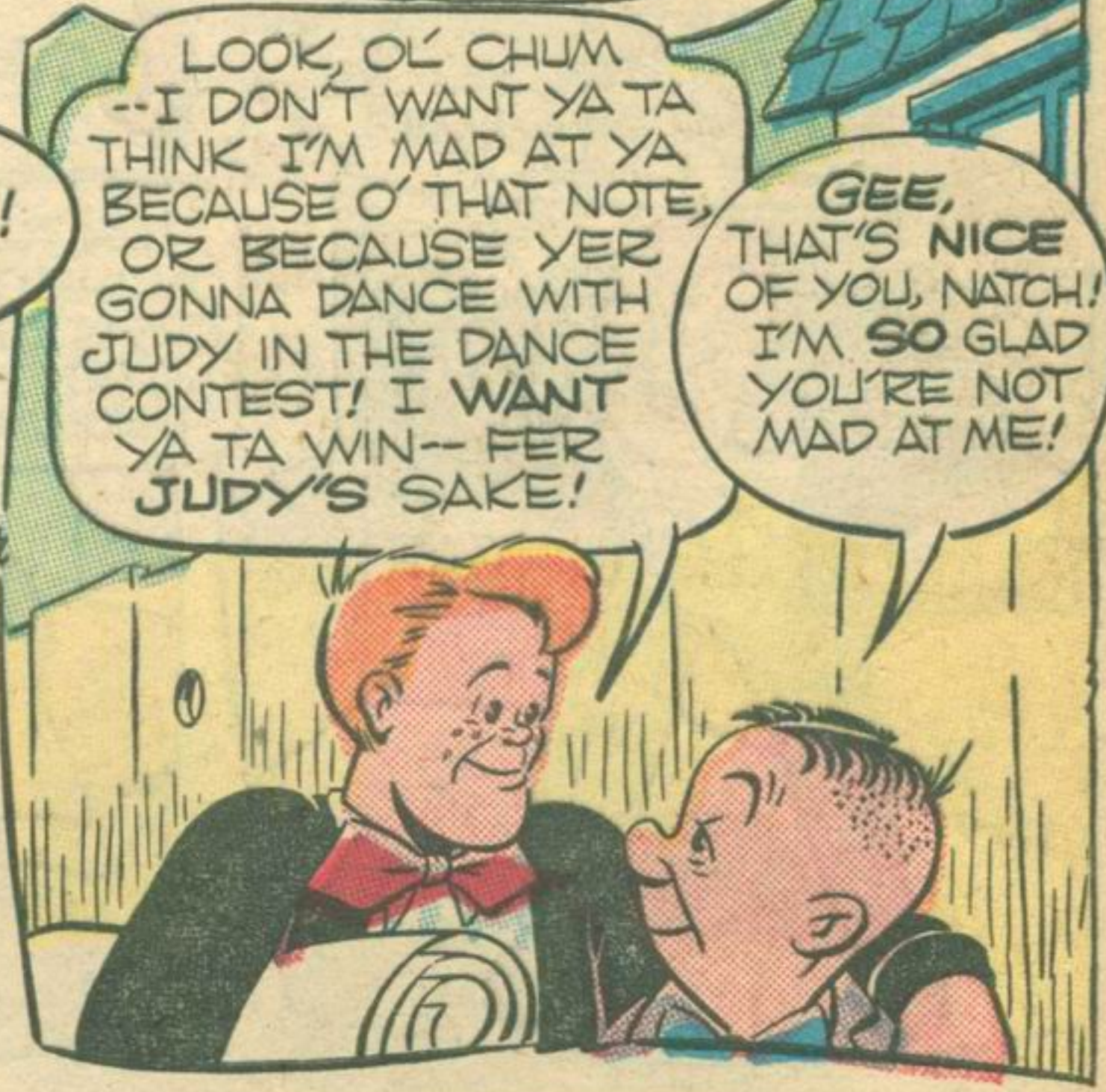
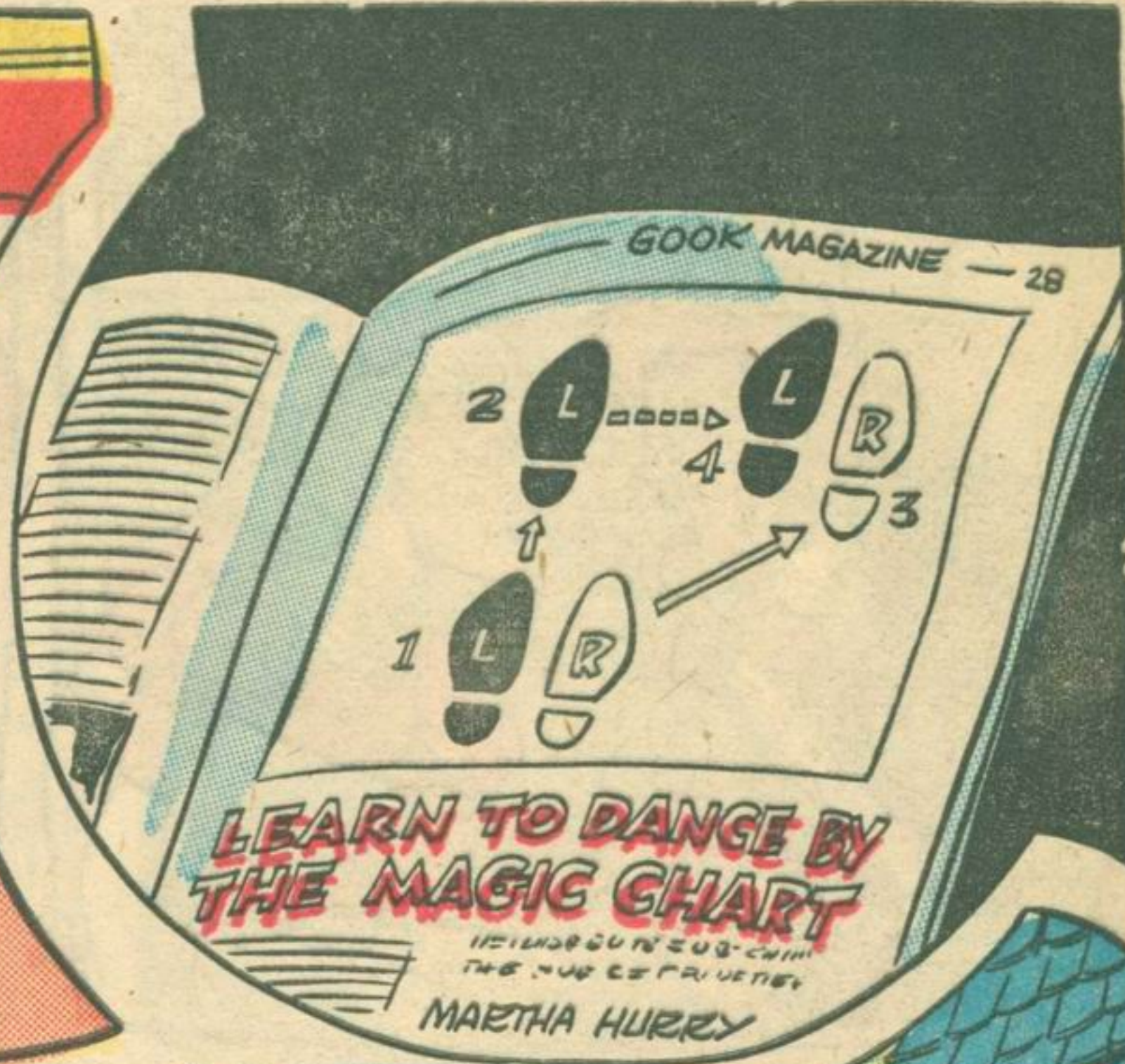
NATCH!

SILENCE! WHAT
SEEMS TO BE THE
DISTURBANCE
BACK THERE?









I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS, PAL!

PAL-SCHMAL!
JUST WAIT'LL HE SEES
THE MESS I GET
HIM INTO--I'LL
SAY HE'LL NEVER
FORGET!

WON'T BE ANYONE
HERE TILL TOMORROW
NIGHT-- AN' THAT'S
THE CONTEST!
TIME TA GET
TA WORK!

POINTFA
COUNTR
CLUB

TUM-DUM-TE-DUM
--WE'LL START
EASY-- BUT THEN--

HAW! A CENTIPEDE
COULDN'T FOLLOW
THIS!

ALL ABOARD
FOR THE
DANCE
CONTEST!

FINISHED! AN' THAT
OUGHTA FIX MY OL'
PAL HAROLD!

POINTFA
COUNTR
CLUB
DANCE

PSST, HAROLD!

ER- WOULD YOU PARDON ME A MOMENT, JUDITH?

WHY, CERTAINLY!

EVERYTHING'S ALL SET, PAL! C'MON --- I WANNA SHOW YA WHERE TA START!

YA BEGIN RIGHT HERE, SEE? FACE THE FLOOR AS YA START TA DANCE, SO JUDY WON'T NOTICE THE PRINTS! GET IT?

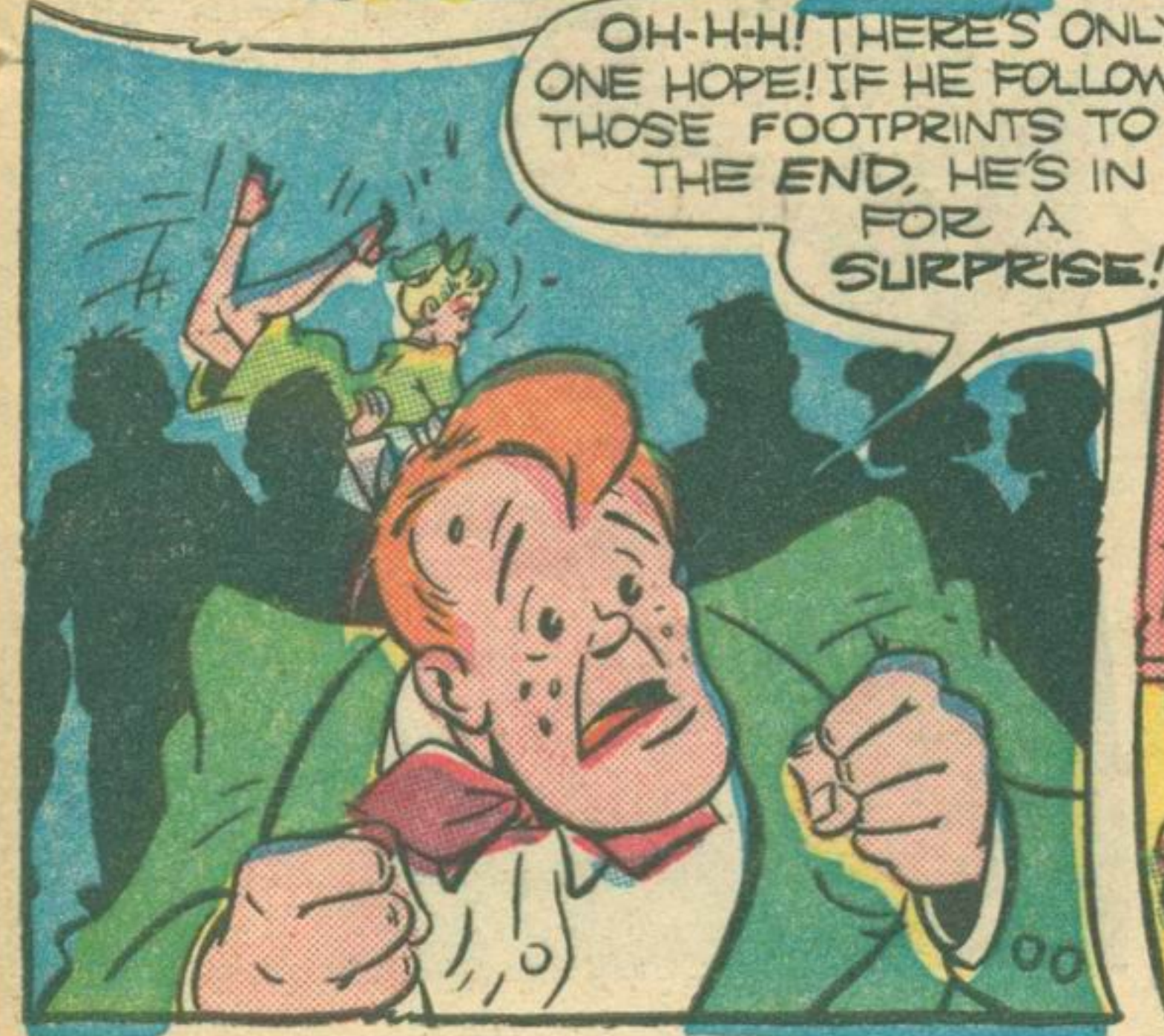
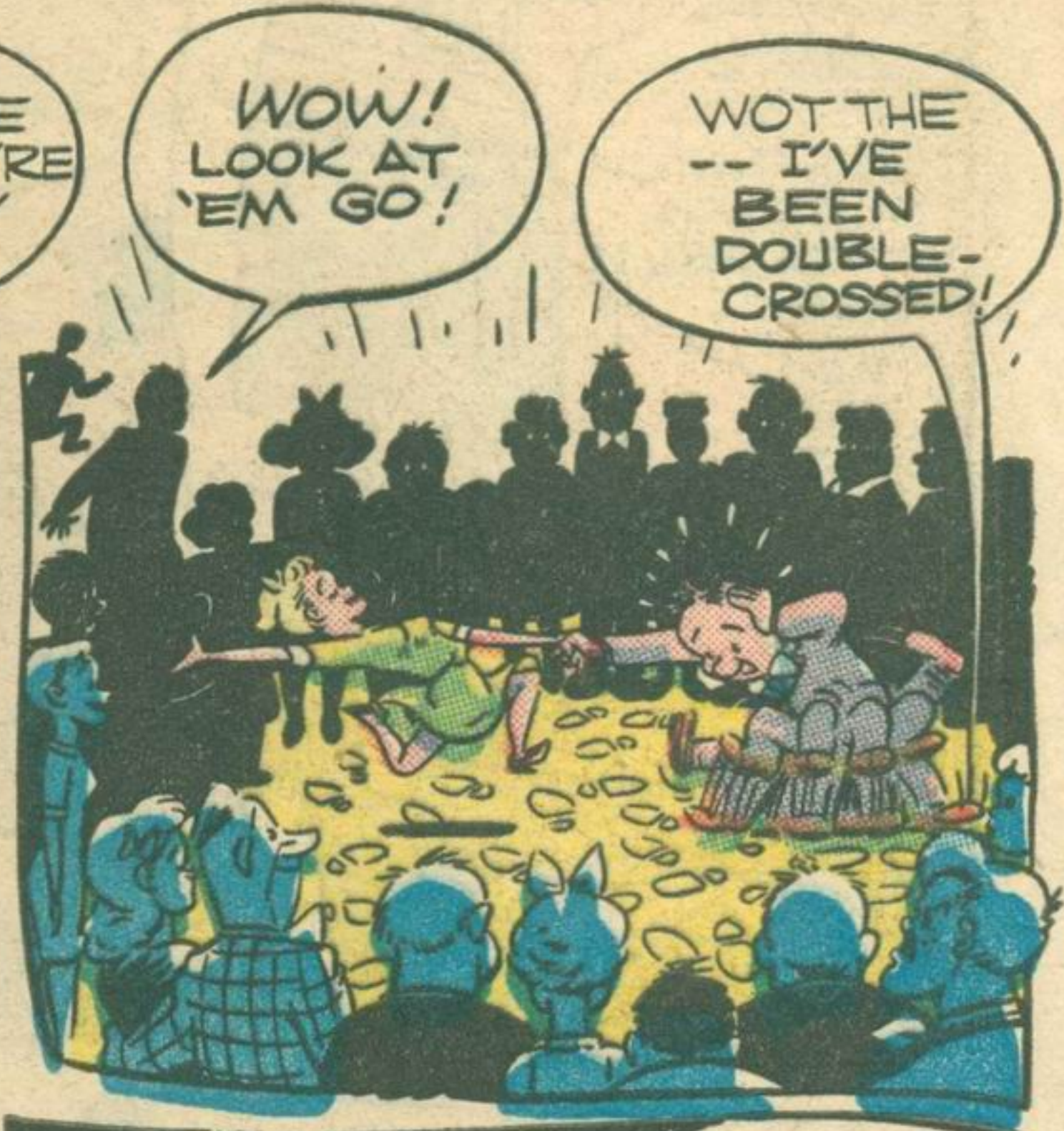
CHECK! THANKS AGAIN -- YOU'RE A SWELL GUY!

AND NOW, BOYS AND GIRLS -- THE DANCE CONTEST! TO YOUR PLACES, EVERYONE!

I'VE GOTTA FOLLOW THE FOOT PRINTS-- FOLLOW THOSE THERE FOOTPRINTS! HERE GOES!

HAROLD! GET HOLD OF YOURSELF! --YOU'RE STUMBLING-- KEEP YOUR EYES UP!

LADY, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKING!





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View
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VALUE

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MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

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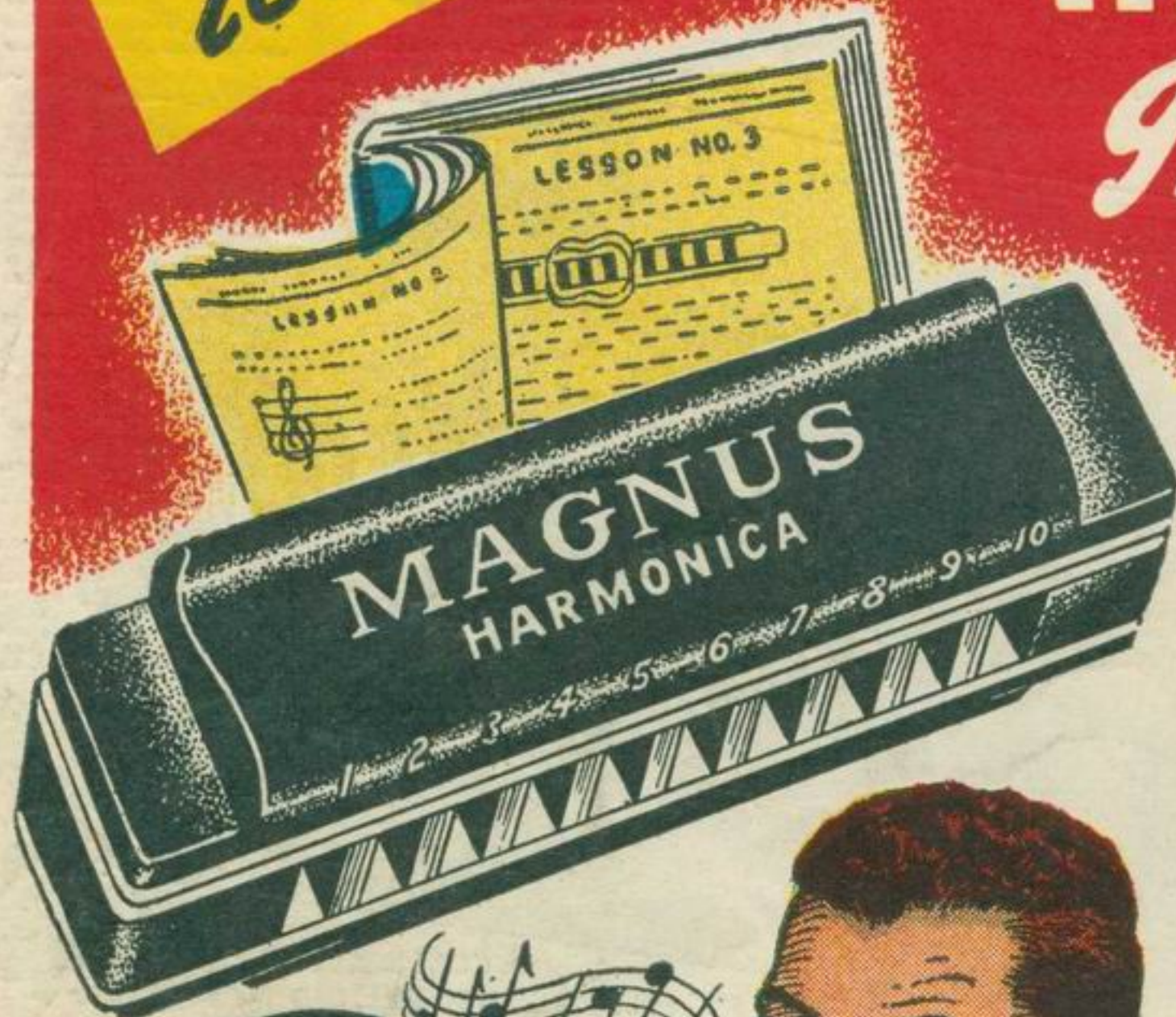
CITY _____ STATE _____

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